UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE "FOOL OF NATURE" IN THE ENGLISH DRAMA OF OUR DAY

BEAUMONT SCHRADER BRUESTLE

A THESIS

IN ENGLISH

PRESENTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

PHILADELPHIA
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To
G.F.S.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This study owes its being to Mr. Ernest Rhys, whom I heard name the "fool of nature" in a lecture on Irish folk-lore. He is likely the creator of the term, although he himself says, "as for the name itself, I am not quite sure whether I found it originally when looking up the old Gaelic LAY OF THE GREAT FOOL, or whether I made up the exact term".

I wish further to express my appreciation to Professor Cornelius Weygandt under whom the work was composed, for valuable assistance; to Professor Felix E. Schelling for inspirational kindnesses; and to Dr. MacEdward Leach, and to Dr. Domenico Vittorini. To Professor Daniel B. Shumway I wish to extend thanks for assistance in much that is, in this work, Germanic.

To Dr. Godfrey F. Singer I wish, finally, to extend thanks for his courtesy in allowing me "open house" in his library.

BEAUMONT S. BRUESTLE

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THE "FOOL OF NATURE" IN THE ENGLISH DRAMA OF OUR DAY

INTRODUCTION

It is the purpose of this work to present those characters in the contemporary English drama, from George Bernard Shaw to the immediate present, who may be considered "fools of nature."

I would prove, as briefly as possible, that the great prototype of the "fool of nature", which is the Peredur-Perceval-Parsifal character in world literature is, in its source, of Celtic origin and a native of Celtic legend and folk-lore. The several sources of the Peredur prove this; the further development as the Perceval makes the character a native of English soil; the distinguished treatment of the closely allied German Parzival further makes the character one which is, from a psychological point of view, a thoroughly modern one. It is furthermore the purpose of this work, that, having shown the "fool of nature" to be a native of Celtic and English soil, it should then show that there is, in the contemporary English drama, a distinct prevalence of the character naturally and logically developed in the texture of many important plays. The character itself, so likely to take the form of rebellious youth, is extraordinarily in keeping with the spirit of much contemporary writing and this fact, added to the naturalness of the character in English blood will help largely to explain its presence in the contemporary English drama. If both of these purposes should be fulfilled, the full scope of significance of the title appended to this work will then have been treated with and given explanation.

CHAPTER I.

The Lay of the Great "Fool of Nature"

The story of the "fool of nature", or the great fool, as he is variously called, is almost always allied in the lays, legends and epics in which that character appears with some phase of the story of the Holy Grail. The question of the Celtic and Oriental origins of the Grail has been thoroughly discussed, however, by Jessie L. Weston in "THE LEGEND OF SIR PERCEVAL" — David Nutt, London, 1906 and by Alfred Nutt in "THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL" —publication of the Folk-Lore Society, No. XXIII, London, 1888. There is, therefore, no need for such a discussion here. The hero of many of the Grail legends who is a "fool of nature" and who appears under such names as Perceval, Parzival and the like, appears likewise in versions of his own story which make no obvious mention of the Grail and seem to have no definite connection with that subject. There are, in all, four great works of literature in which this particular "fool of nature" appears as a hero. They are—

(1). "Le Conte del Graal" — known chiefly as the work of Chrestien de Troyes. This is a poem of over 60,000 verses, the composition of which belongs mainly to the thirteenth century. It was first printed by Potvin: Le Conte del Graal, six volumes, 8vo. (vols. ii-vi. containing this poem), Mons, 1866-71, from a manuscript preserved in the Mons library. The work, down to verse 10,601 may be attributed to Chrestien de Troyes. The remainder of the poem is the composition of Gautier de Doulens, Manessier and Gerbert, the last named functioning as an interpolater in the verse composed by the other three.

(2) "Parzival" — a courtly epic of the twelfth century by Wolfram von Eschenbach; edited by Karl Lachmann, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Vierte Ausgabe, 8vo., Berlin, 1879.

(3). "Peredur, the on of Evrawc: the Mabinogion" — a Welsh prose romance to be found in the Red Book of Hergest, a

MS. of the end of the fourteenth century, and in MSS. about a hundred years older. Lady Charlotte Guest's English translation of the Mabinogion, 8vo., London, 1838-49.

(4). "Sir Perceval of Galles" — an English metrical romance printed for the first time from the Thornton MS., of about 1440 by Halliwell: the Thornton romances, printed for the Camden Society, small 4to., London, 1884.

The story of the "fool of nature" as told in these four variant versions varies distinctly in the matter of detail and interpretation, in each case taking on either a national or a personal coloring. Basically, however, the story itself remains the same from version to version. It tells of a boy who is taken from the vicious influences of society by his mother into some sequestered wood where he is brought up in total ignorance of the world. Through a meeting with certain beings of the outside world he learns of the existence of a life other than that to which he has been accustomed and longs for that other life. Against the will of his mother he ventures forth. Because of his ignorance of the world he commits many breaches of social custom, ridiculous or unpardonable as the case may be. Finally, however, he is purged of his foolishness, brought to a realization of his true and ideal self and reformed into a conforming member of society, its saviour and its joy.

Chrestien and his collaborators seem to emphasize the adventure and the romance of the story. When we turn to the "Parzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach we find a treatment in which the spiritual conflict of the hero is distinctly emphasized. The story of Peredur as told in the Mabinogi of "Peredur, the son of Evrawc" is far less spiritual in its connotation and, indeed, omits all reference to the quest of the Holy Grail. An important feature of the "Sir Perceval of Galles" lies in the fact that here, likewise, there is no direct use of the Holy Grail, beyond which there is needed no further proof that the legend of the great fool can, and does, exist without connection with the Grail story.

It must be stated that the lay of the great fool, in its folk form, is one of the most popular of the old narratives in the heroic

quatrain. It tells the story of two brothers, one of whom was a king, the other only a knight. The knight had sons; the king had none. A quarrel rose between the two brothers and the knight and his sons were killed. News of this was sent to the mother who was then pregnant and, along with it, that, were she to bear a son, it must be put to death. The child she bears is a boy and the mother sends him into the wilderness with a kitchen maid who has a love child. There the son of the knight is brought up in ignorance of the world and his station. The two boys grow up together and the knight's son is strong, both in body and in will. He makes himself clothes of a deer's hide and, when his foster-brother laughs at him, promptly kills him. Then he comes to the palace of the uncle who killed his father and brothers. The boy has never been called by any name other than "Great Fool" and when his cousin learns the name and mocks at him, the boy kills him likewise. He goes to the king directly and the uncle recognizes the boy and goes off with him along with all his people.

It is to be noted that this story belongs to that group which is built around the celebrated Aryan expulsion and return formula (sometimes called the exile and return formula) to which belong the stories of Perseus, Hercules, Oedipus, Amphion and Zethos, Pelias and Neleus, Leukastos and Parrhasius, and Theseus in Greek mythology; Romulus and Remus in Roman mythology; Wittich-Siegfried and Wolfdietrich in Germanic heldensage; Cyrus and Key Chosrew in Iranian mythology, and Karna and Krishna in Hindu lore. The stories belonging to this formula among the Celtic hero-stories are chiefly those of Fionn and Cuchulain, Labraidh Maen, Conall, the Great Fool, Peredur-Perceval, Arthur and Taliesin. A formula may be drawn up from the common incidents of the preceding tales which indicates the following characteristics: —

I. Hero born —
   1. Out of wedlock.
   2. Posthumously.
   3. Supernaturally.
   4. One of twins.

II. Mother a princess residing in her own country.
III. Father a god or hero from afar.
IV. Tokens and warnings of hero's future greatness.
V. Therefore he is driven forth from home.
VI. Is suckled by wild beasts.
VII. Is brought up by a childless couple or shepherds or a widow.
VIII. Is of violent disposition and passionate nature.
IX. 1. Attacks and kills monsters.
2. Acquires supernatural knowledge through eating a fish or some other magic animal, or (as in the case of Siegfried) by tasting the blood of an animal.
X. Returns to his own country, leaves and returns again.
XI. Overcomes his enemies, frees mother and takes throne.[1]

The most complete Celtic representative of this formula is to be found in the Ossianic hero tale, in which the expelled hero is the famous Fionn. The most closely related Celtic story is that of the Great Fool which is, in turn, strongly bound to the Perceval-Peredur story. In both stories, the father is killed and the mother withdraws with her son into the wilderness where he grows up strong and wilfull and totally ignorant of the world. It is this ignorance of the world which is one of the most persistent characteristics of the true "fool of nature." The boy grows up to great strength and swiftness and eventually comes upon his uncle who turns out to be the slayer of his father; or, as in some versions, no relationship is made clear. The Celtic folk-tale is full of the incident of a man (usually an enemy) coming in to the king while he is at table, insulting him and making this insult the basis for revenge. In the Peredur story and its allied versions, it is the Red Knight who commits offence. An old Celtic folk-tale shows further resemblance to the Peredur-Great Fool story in that the youngest and most despised of three warriors is the hero just as is the foolish Peredur. There is likewise the matter of the prophecy incident. This is one of the most important marks whereby the right of the Parsifal tale to belong to the

[1] The Legend of the Holy Grail — Alfred Nutt — London, 1888.

exile and return formula is established. In "Peredur" the prophecy comes directly after the hero's first meeting with the sorceresses of Gloucester. In the "Conte du Graal" the prophecy occurs as the Fisher King hands the hero the magic sword. In "Perceval" it is Arthur who declares that Perceval is written down in the books as the avenger of his father. There is at least one matter that is definitely proved by this, and that is the fact that the version which Chrestien has given us is not the sole source of the Mabinogi of Peredur and the Sir Perceval. It is impossible to believe that the very vague hint of prophecy in Chrestien has suggested the so much more elaborate prophecy in the Celtic versions. On the other hand, it is only necessary to indicate that the element of prophecy is present in eight of the Celtic and five of the non-Celtic versions of the exile and return formula, something like one-third of the stories based upon this formula in all. This element of prophecy appears in its most meagre form in the romance, but appears again and again in Celtic folk-lore, especially in such tales as "The Knight of the Red Shield" and "The Rider of Grianaig."

It has been stated, however, that all these tales have been derived more or less directly from French romance. Alfred Nutt has handled this argument in the following manner: — "In the matter of the Scotch and Irish tales a stand must be made. The romance, it is said, may have filtered down into the Celtic population, through the medium of such adaptations as the Mabinogi and the Sir Perceval. Granted, for argument sake, that these two works are mere adaptations, it must yet follow that the stories derived from them will be more or less on the same lines as themselves. Is this so? Can it be reasonably argued that the folk-tale of the Great-Fool is a weakened copy of certain features of the Mabinogi, which itself is a weakened copy of certain features of the French poem? Is not the fact that the folk-tale omits much that is in the Mabinogi, and on the other hand preserves details which are wanted not alone in the Welsh tale but likewise in Chrestien. If other proof of the independent nature of these tales were needed it would be supplied by the close similarity existing between the Great Fool opening and the

Fionn legend. This is extant in other forms, one of which, still told in the highlands (Campbell's LXXXII), tells how Cumhall's son is reared in the wilderness, how he drowns the youth of a neighboring hamlet, how he slays his father's slayer, and wins the magic trout the taste of which gives him knowledge of past and to come, how he gets back his father's sword and regains his father's lands, all as has been prophesied of him. Another descendant of the French romance it will be said. But a very similar tale is found in a fifteenth century manuscript (The Boyish Exploits of Finn Mac Cumhall, translated by Dr. J. O'Donovan in the transactions of the Ossianic Society, vol. IV); Cumhall, slain by Goll, leaves his wife big with a son, who when born is reared by two druidesses. He grows up fierce and stalwart, overcomes all his age-mates, overtakes wild deer by running, slays a boar, and catches the magic salmon of knowledge. An eighteenth century version given by Kennedy ("Legendary Fictions", P. 266) makes Cumhall offer violence to Muirrean, daughter of the druid Tadg and his death to be due chiefly to the magic arts of the incensed father. It will hardly be contended that these stories owe their origin to adaptations of Chrestien's poem. But in any case no such contention could apply to the oldest presentment of Fionn as a formula hero, that found in the great Irish vellum, the Leabhar na h'Uidhre, written down from older materials at the beginning of the twelfth century. The tract entitled "The cause of the battle of Cnucha" has been translated by Mr. Henessey ("Revue Celtique", vol. II, pp. 86, et seq.). In it we find Cumhall and Tadg, the violence done to the latter's daughter, the consequent death and defeat of Cumhall, the lonely rearing of Fionn by his mother, and the youth's avenging of his father. I must refer to my paper in the 'Folk-Lore Record' for a detailed argument in favor of the L. n. H. account being an euhemerised version of the popular tradition, represented by the boyish exploits, and for a comparison of the Fionn sage as a whole with the Greek, Iranian, Latin and Germanic hero tales, which like it are modelled upon the lines of the Expulsion and Return formula. I have said enough, I trust, to show that the Fionn sage is a variant (a far richer one) of the theme treated

in the boyhood of Perceval, but that it, and a fortiori the allied folk-tales are quite independent of the French poem. It then follows that this portion of Chrestien's poem must itself be looked upon as one of the many treatments of a theme even more popular among the Celts than among any other Aryan race, and that its ultimate source is a Breton or Welsh folk-tale."[1]

It seems that Mr. Nutt has here definitely proved his argument. It might be added, however, that the story of the "fool of nature" (no matter what name the hero may be given) is in itself full of the tones of the Celtic temperament; its impetuousness, its dreaminess, its faith, its illusion, and, even were it to be proved to be based upon some French original, it might still be added that the Celtic forms of the story are absorptions into the Celtic nature so complete as to seem to belong, in every sense of the word, to that nature.

Assuming the Celtic Lay of the Great Fool, or some similar story, to be the ultimate source of the Parsifal story and the Parsifal character, it is no more than fitting that a brief synopsis of the Lay be presented here. Once upon a time there was a Great Fool who subdued the world by means of his strength (and it must be pointed out here that the true "fool of nature" always wins through to a realization of the world and an ability to accept, at least, if not actually to conquer that world). He comes to the King of Lochlin to woo a beautiful woman and when he discovers that she is guarded by seven score heroes, kills them all and carries her off. The hero and his lady then enter a valley where they meet a sorcerer who has in his hand a great goblet filled with drink. Although warned by the woman not to drink of the cup, the Great Fool does so and, after the departure of the sorcerer, finds himself with his legs missing. The two continue, however (the Great Fool being somewhat swifter without his legs than with them), and they are followed by a hound and a deer. The hero kills the deer and captures the hound. The owner of the hound appears and claims it, but the foolish hero refuses to yield it, whereupon the owner acquiesces and offers

[1] Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail — Alfred Nutt — London — 1888.

the hero food and drink for the remainder of his life. The three go on together until they come to a beautiful and glittering city where lives the owner of the hound with his beautiful wife. The wife makes inquiries concerning their new guests and, learning of the tremendous strength of the hero, is amazed that he should have permitted himself to have been deprived of his legs. The host then tells the Great Fool that he is going from home and will leave his house, his goods and his wife in the latter's safe keeping. The Fool is to let no one in nor, should anyone come in, to let him out again, and he is not to sleep. Despite the fact that he is warned by his own wife, the hero sleeps and a young champion comes in and takes a kiss from the wife of the host, (it may be noted that the taking of a kiss from the wife of one's host, unknown to that host, is frequent in romance and legend). However, the Great Fool is awakened by his wife and he prevents the intruder, although he offers fortunes in gold to the hero, from leaving the house. Finally, the champion reveals himself to be the host and the sorcerer who deprived the Great Fool of his legs and, finally, the brother of the Great Fool, now released from sorcery because the Fool resisted him. The two brothers then go out to further adventure, attack and kill a single giant and then four others and ultimately take possession of the castle of the giant and all its gold. This is the conclusion to the Lay of the Great Fool.

The similarities and, even, parallels, between the Lay of the Great Fool and the Mabinogi of "Peredur, Son of Evrawc" and the "Conte du Graal" are easily traceable. The stag hunt; the enchanter who is a kinsman; the youth of the hero, are much the same as in "Peredur" and allied stories as they are in the Lay of the Great Fool. There is likewise the relationship between the two leading characters; the Lay belongs to the "twin brother cycle," which is in turn allied to the "dragon slayer" and the "exile and return" märchen. The Perceval-Peredur story has a twin sister as has the Fionn story. Even more important than this is the combination of Perceval and Gawain (Peredur and Gwalchmai in the Welsh version) which exists in almost all forms of the story. There is in this something of the dual personality

and, when we reach Wolfram, this poet definitely makes Gawain the worldly counterpart of his more spiritual hero, Parzival, even to the point that the adventures which the one has are paralleled by the experiences of the other. In Parzival, of course, there is, additionally the brother with whom the hero has his most trying and most decisive battle, that Fierifis who is the son of Parzival's hero-father by the fair dark princess, Belikane.

It may be concluded, in the main, that it is the story of the Great Fool which is definitely Celtic in its origins and of which origin the French version is but a further development, rather than the story of the Holy Grail. Undoubtedly, the English "Perceval" and the Welsh "Peredur, Son of Evrawc" (as has already been pointed out) are versions of the Great Fool story; but, the "Perceval" makes no mention of the Grail, even in the most remote form, and the "Peredur" speaks only of magic talismans which it may be assumed are representative of the Grail although there is no absolute necessity for thinking them so. If there is any extraneous element in the Celtic versions of this story of Parsifal, it is in the Grail it is to be found and not in the character of the "fool of nature". The "fool of nature" is, then, undoubtedly, a native Celt in origin, at least, if not in development.

There is something definitely Celtic, likewise, in the incident of the enemies which are restored to life almost as fast as they are killed through the efforts of some sort of enchantress. This occurs both in the "Conte du Graal" and the "Peredur". In the "Conte du Graal", the balsam the enchantress carries with her is that which Christ is legended to have made use of in the Holy Sepulchre. It is the use of this upon the dead bodies which serves to join the severed heads to the lifeless corpses. Incidentally, this action is to be found in several Celtic tales and in the story of "King Mananaun" and the story of "The Champion of the Red Belt" the incidents occur much as they do in the "Peredur". In the latter story we are told that—"When he (the Champion) killed the three hundred, he stood up. Then he lay down among the dead men to see what it was brought them to life. There came a hag, with one leg out of her haunch, one eye

in her forehead, a bottle of water of healing on a button that was on her breast. There was a feather in the bottle. She rubbed the feather on the first man she came to. She made nine of them alive."[1] Even the witch herself, who is a sort of "carlin", is Celtic in form, as may be proved by a comparison with her prototype in other lays and legends, and undoubtedly she develops in the story of Parsifal into the witch and sorceress who eventually becomes Kundrie.

Despite the fact that Wolfram von Eschenbach has based his "Parzival", according to scholars, on the work of Chrestien which is, in turn, based on a story Celtic in its origin, Wolfram offers a definite crux that has not yet been satisfactorily solved. According to the poet, he has drawn the material for Books III to VIII from a French poem by one Kiot of Provencal. In Book VIII the German soldier poet tells us that Kiot found the basis for his own poem in a manuscript of Toledo written in Arabic by the astronomer Flegetanis and that the story of Parzival was in the same manuscript, and that confirmation of the story of Kiot was to be found in the chronicles of Anjou. Unfortunately, this is not a place to discuss at length a literary crux that has puzzled so many scholars since, essentially, the business of Kiot of Provencal and of Wolfram's debt to that unknown poet has little bearing on the fact that the story of Parsifal, and of the Great Fool to whom he is so closely related, is Celtic in its origins. The manuscript of the Arabic astronomer, if it ever existed, would but serve to indicate how wide spread was the character of the Parsifal we have here taken to be representative of the "fool of nature".

The material gathered here, from a consideration of the various important versions of the Lay of the Great Fool and their sources indicates at least one thing as a surety. The character of the "fool of nature" as we have him in these stories is Celtic in its origin beyond the shadow of doubt. That does not mean, by any circumstance, however, that the "fool of nature" is limited to the Celtic, since we need only turn to the Bible to find the

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[1] West Irish Folk-Tales and Romances—("The Champion of the Red Belt"—pps. 100-101.)—William Larminie—London—1898.

"fool of nature" admirably displayed in the character of the young Joseph.[1] Again, the story which is bound up with that of the Great Fool is directly traceable to the "Exile and return" formula. It is not to be wondered at, then, that such a character as the "fool of nature" should be found to play a considerable part in modern Irish writing; or that a character which represents the strong doctrine of purification through suffering (and this the "fool of nature" does present in many of its manifestations) so often recurring in the work of contemporary authors writing in English, should find a large place for himself in that work.

It is the character of Parsifal that presents to us most concretely and in a most modern fashion the exact qualities that we may expect to find in the true "fool of nature" and it is, beyond that, the particular development of the Parsifal that Wolfram von Eschenbach has given us in the character of Parzival which serves to show the most highly psychologized form of the character. Like the thoroughly modern hero, the single quality above all others in which he is lacking is perfection. Parzival brings upon himself his own sorrow because of his own inherent lack of sympathy and pity at a time when those should be uppermost in his character. He is not the white dove of chivalric romance. He is the spotted magpie. And it is this attempt to present the dual personality of a single character that motivates the entire poem and which is wrung out of the famous opening passage of the work that looks forward to so much of the philosophy in later German and English literature: —

> "If doubt is neighbor to the heart
> The soul learns from it sorrow's smart.
> For shame and honor both abide —
> Intermingled side by side
> Like the magpie's black and white —
> In man, combining day and night.
> And man has certain hope to find
> His peace in two such streams combined,
> In touch of heaven and of hell.

[1] Genesis, 37-50.

The soul of man where doubtings dwell
Holds only darkness, as a pit,
And sinks forever into it;
But in the steadfast, striving soul
The tides of white forever roll."[1]
(Trans. B.S.B.)

The most dominating characteristic in the nature of Parzival is that ignorance of the world which is to be found in the truest "fools of nature" almost as a touchstone of the character. It is this ignorance which is responsible more than any other single factor for the foolishness of the boy. It is both inherent in his nature and fostered in him by a too-loving mother and, in this respect he is a prototype of those less fortunate ones whose too sheltered lives have strewn literature with tragedy for so many centuries and who have found a bitter but sympathetic apotheosis in the spoiled and sheltered boy of Rudyard Kipling's "Thrown Away". There is likewise in Parzival an innate innocence, definitely a part of the true "fool of nature" and it is perhaps this which leads Wagner to term his hero so unmistakeably the "reinige Thor", or guileless fool. Parzival comes to the point, however, where he suffers a realization of self, and in this realization he sees himself clearly for the first time as the fool he really was. Out of suffering, however, comes his ability to cope with the

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[1] "Ist zwivel herzen nachgebur
daz muoz der sele werden sur.
gesmaehet unde gezieret
ist, swa sich parrieret
unversaget mannes muot,
als agelstern varwe tuot.
der mac dennoch wesen geil:
wand an im sint beidiu teil,
des himels und der helle.
der unstaete geselle
hat die swarzen varwe gar,
und wirt och nach der vinster var:
so habet sich an die blanken
der mit staeten gedanken."

PARZIVAL — WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH — Book I, Verse I, Lines 1-14; — ed. Karl Lachmann — Berlin — 1872.

world, an ability ultimately gained by all "fools of nature" who are worth their weight in struggle and beauty.

Other qualities displayed by Parzival and which are to be found to lesser or greater extent in most "fools of nature" are those of youthful naïvèté, with something of its attendant natural shyness and natural boldness, courage, the undeveloped seeds of compassion, impetuousness, purity, honesty and simplicity. The Parsifal character may be most accurately tested, however, by whether, in the final analysis, it succumbs to the ways of the world, or breaks through to a realization of life and an ability to cope with that life. He learns that what may be made easy a first time, is come to a second only through the bitterest labor and suffering. Beyond this, he learns the power of forgiveness and, far beyond that, the immortal lesson that, if one is to travel to the greatest heights in this world he must conform to its arbitrary dictum.

Among the "fools of nature" to be considered in the second part of this work, it will be found that not all possess the Parsifal characteristics in full and that few, if any, will possess them in the same proportion as does their prototype. It will be shown, however, that those who approach most closely a complete presentation of the "fool of nature", will indicate in their characters the qualities that are chiefly important in the character of the Parsifal. It is for this reason then, that the Peredur-Perceval-Parzival character, the most fully developed form of the original "fool of nature", has been chosen as a prototype to explain most clearly and most fully exactly what is meant by the term, "fool of nature".

It should, in addition, be stated here, that the "fool of nature" is a thing apart from the "fool" as we use the term to-day. The "fool of nature" is no more truly a "fool" than is the Fool of the Shakespearean drama as exemplified by Touchstone, by Feste and by that greatest of all Shakespeare's professional fools, that sad philosopher of acceptance, the Fool in "King Lear" (1605).

The essential difference between the "fool" and the "fool of nature" lies in the presence of the nature in the term. It must be noted that the word "natural" was, in Elizabethan English, a

noun indicating a foolish fellow. Some consideration of the etymology of the word might be deemed necessary to show the full significance of this meaning. According to information given in Murray's New English Dictionary, the word "natural", in that particular sense, means, "one naturally deficient in intellect; a half-witted person"[1]. "Nature", in the term "fool of nature" is not to be thought of strictly in the Elizabethan sense. None the less, it should be remembered that there is always something of the foolish fellow, so far as the general world looks upon him, in the true "fool of nature."

The significance of the word "nature" in this term is strictly that of the natural or, better, of nature itself which is unsullied in its pristine state by the ways of men. So, in his pristine state, is the "fool of nature" unsullied in mind and in body by the practises of men; a state which he usually does not preserve. His ignorance of the world is an admirable rather than a derogatory quality, or as Dante expresses it: —

> "'O sun! who healest all imperfect sight,
> Thou so content'st me, when thou solvest my doubt,
> That ignorance not less than knowledge charms."[2]

It is, then, the pure, the innocent, the untouched in nature and the thing natural which is displayed in the pristine "fool of nature", and it is this, primarily, that accounts for one half of the term: the other half is derived from the fact that the type is likely to seem a fool in the eyes of the world because of his innocence and ignorance of the ways of the world; or, as is sometimes the case, because of an innate loathing of the ways of the world and a refusal to conform to them. The fact that, in the true "fool of nature" the force of nature is presented as the pure and uplifting one, as compared with the forces of the world, links the conception with the philosophies of such great exponents of the

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[1] Vol. VI.

[2] "'O sol che sani ogni vista turbata,
Tu mi contenti si quando tu solvi,
Che, non men che saver, dubbiar m'aggrata."

DANTE — INFERNO — Canto XI — Lines 97-99. "LA DIVINA COMMEDIA" — ed. Mario Casella. Trans. H. F. Cary. Nonesuch Press — 1928.

thing natural as Dante, Rousseau, Goethe, Wordsworth and Emerson.

In resumé, the characteristics that are to be looked for in any character to prove whether he is a true "fool of nature" are natural ignorance and innocence, and particularly that sort of youthful innocence which is called naïvèté; faith and honesty and gallantry; an inherent courage, even though this may be obscured by an ultra-sensitivity which lends a false timidity where it does not really belong. Simplicity, impetuosity and daring are often to be found in the character. After disillusionment comes upon the true "fool of nature" there develops an increased humility and compassion for others, but these two need not be basic characteristics of the type. Above all, the true "fool of nature" is eventually disillusioned and shown the realities of life and the best of his kind find it possible to break through this disillusionment (as has already been indicated and will necessarily be remarked upon many times more) to a realization of life and the world and an ability to cope with both.

CHAPTER II.

The Question of Continuity

As has already been intimated in the preceding chapter, the connecting link between the two separate parts of the term "fool of nature" is the word "natural" as used in the Elizabethan sense, to indicate a fool by the processes of nature. We need turn only to Shakespeare to find a frequent use of the word. In the fourth scene of Act II of "Romeo and Juliet" (1595?), Mercutio says — "now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, —". In the second scene of Act III in that great epilogue the playwright has given us, "The Tempest" (1611), Trinculo says of Caliban — "That a monster should be such a natural!" Again, Shakespeare makes use of the word twice in "As You Like It" (1599). The point to be made is, however, that the word "natural" in this particular sense connotes a fool wrought by society or the world. Beyond this evidence, we may look for the term "fool of nature" itself in Shakespeare and find it occuring in the plural in "Hamlet" (1602-1604). In the speech which Hamlet addresses to the apparition of the Ghost in the fourth scene of Act I we find the following lines —

> " . . . . . What may this mean,
> That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
> Revisit'st thus the glimpse of the moon,
> Making night hideous; and we *fools of nature*
> So horridly to shake our disposition
> With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?"

In a very short time the phrase seems to have bred in the poetry of other writers and we find a measure from Dryden which runs —

> "The *fool of nature* stood with stupid eyes,
> And gaping mouth, that testified surprise."[1]

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[1] John Dryden — "Cymon and Iphigenia — line 107 —

— and the following lines from a poem by Lady Winchelsea —

> "How are we fallen! fallen by mistaken rules,
> And Education's more than Nature's fools;"—.[1]

Undoubtedly, the particular meaning of the phrase "fool of nature" in all three of these passages is different from the meaning of the same phrase as employed in this work in that it indicates those fooled by some phenomenon of nature itself rather than those that are in a natural and uncultivated state and therefore fools to cultivated society. The phrase as used by Lady Winchelsea most closely approaches the latter meaning. None the less, it cannot be gainsaid that, at least as early as the writings of Shakespeare, the phrase, "fool of nature" has already appeared in just that form.

In conclusion, it is to be borne in mind that one of the connotations of the word "natural" as indicated in the Murray New English Dictionary[2] is—"with relation to the world—as born natural—in a state of nature; with only the wisdom given by nature",—and that this is in strictest accordance with one of the basic qualities of the "fool of nature", full of natural simplicity and free from the taint of the social world.

Proceeding to the question of the literary continuity of the character of the "fool of nature" through the mazes of English writings, it may be said that it would be as impossible to trace a direct descent as it would be to follow the path of the courtesan reformed from the Magdelen to her most modern literary representative with unswerving step. Certainly, the "fool of nature" is to be found in the drama as early as Shakespeare and, if he does not already occur in the Edward of Marlowe's "King Edward II" (1594), he is to be found in the Shakespearean counterpart of the man who flies in the face of caution and tradition, "King Richard II" (1595). There is, likewise, many a "fool of nature" of the lesser sort to be found among the country bumpkins so accurately portrayed by the great Elizabethan. Again, we are able to unearth "fools of nature" in the drama of the eighteenth century, and we need turn only to

[1] The Poems of Anne Finch, Lady Winchelsea.
[2] Vol. VI.

Lillo's "George Barnwell" (1731) to find a hero of the same name who represents the "fool of nature" tragically caught in the clutches of modern society.

With the beginnings of the novel in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries we find that the "fool of nature" is a frequently occuring character. Particularly is this true of the hero of the Picaresque tale who, in so many cases, represents that sort of "fool of nature" who is likewise wanderer or vagabond. In that greatest of all Picaresque romances, "Don Quixote de La Mancha" by Miguel de Cervantes, first published in 1605, the Picaresque hero and the "fool of nature" are united for us in a single character, Don Quixote. This strange man who goes about the countryside. imagining himself a knight pledged to the beauty of a country girl he has never even seen, is at once "fool of nature", dreamer, idealist, wanderer and hero. The first great Picaresque romance of English literature does not offer us anything like a complete "fool of nature" for its hero in the figure of Tom Jones, protagonist of Henry Fielding's "Tom Jones" (1749). There is something of the quality of the "fool of nature" in Tom Jones, but he is, in the final analysis, no true representative of the type. More closely allied to the "fool of nature" type is the hero of "A Sentimental Journey" (1768), a man Laurence Sterne has invested with all the qualities of naïvétè, kindness, sympathy for others (whether they be count, chamber-maid or donkey), idealism and a talent for wandering from place to place to the tune of observations of life that are full of wisdom and innocence.

There are at least two outstanding novels of the eighteenth century that are not Picaresque and that have "fools of nature" for their heroes. These are, "Sir Charles Grandison" by Samuel Richardson (1753) with its hero of the same name and title, and "The Fool of Quality" (1766-70) by Henry Brooke, the name of the hero of which is Harry Clinton, Earl of Moreland. Charles Grandison is the perfect knight of the century in which he lives. He is a pattern of morality and goodness; he is young and naive; he is idealistic and sympathetic, even to the point of showing a dutiful politeness to his brute of a father and to his father's

mistress who, although she is a blameless enough soul, is looked down upon by all those who surround her. His conduct with women is beyond reproach and there is in him a certain ridiculous restraint at times which lends him a faint tint of the absurd. To all these strange qualities are added a handsome person and considerable wealth, so that he is looked upon by the women as a perfect catch and is forthwith loved by a number of women equalled only by the number of men who love the heroine of the same novel. Sir Charles is definitely the product of an idealized nature and although placed in a society which is, by no means, an innocent one, escapes sullying because of his own supreme virtues and ideals. Harry Clinton is a quixotie young soul in quixotic situations. He is a highly moral young man possessed of practically no knowledge of the world whatsoever. He spends his uncle's money recklessly, but with the best of intentions, throwing it charitably to the four winds. He is loved of many women but is inclined toward all with the strictest decorum. He is in all things motivated by a naive and innocent idealism and it may be said of him that he is one of the "fools of nature" who is a trifle too foolish to be a true representative of the type.

There is, more recently, a book by Joseph Henry Shorthouse published in 1886 and called "Sir Percival" which concerns itself with a nineteenth century Pervical who moves through a maze of circumstances, an idealized knight opposed to the counter movement of his time. The once popular American novelist, Alice Brown, has used the term so largely employed in this work in the title of one of her novels, "Fools of Nature", (1887, date of copyright).

It is to two English novels of the late nineteenth-early twentieth centuries that we must turn to find the two outstanding "fools of nature" that have come to the stage through the novel and have, in such a manner, left their print upon the dramatic characterization of the period. The novels are, "The Little Minister" (1891), by Sir James Matthew Barrie, and "The Beloved Vagabond" (1906) by William John Locke. Both have been dramatized and have proved extraordinarily popular upon the stage. "The Little Minister" (1897) brought — aside from

the character of Lady Babbie so indelibly linked with the name of the beloved Miss Maude Adams — the young minister, Gavin Dishart. W. J. Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond" (1906) brought the vagabond artist, Paragot. There is no need to repeat the story of "The Little Minister"; it is one of those things everyone knows. Suffice it to say that Gavin Dishart, full of kindness for others, full of a stubborn pride, innocent of the terrors of life, courageous, sensitive to greater values than those that are stamped on every day of the year, is representative of the youthful "fool of nature". Paragot represents a different phase.

The plot of this rather innocuous, though quite pleasant and even charming novel, tends toward simplicity rather than toward complexity. There is much in it of the usual tale of adventure; something of the Picaresque story, and much that is reminiscent of the careless and accidental vagabondage of the school of Sterne.

One M. Gaston de Nerac has been jilted some thirteen years before the opening of the story, by the beautiful Joanna Rushworth. On the night of their engagement, however, he abandons her, seeming to sell her to a French count for ten thousand pounds. When the story opens, M. de Nerac, who is chiefly an architect, although he is an artist of all trades, is living in the slums of London is a state of artistic desuetude, extraordinarily picturesque. He buys a child from his slovenly laundress, all content in the transaction. The child's name is an English atrocity, Augustus Smith; Gaston renames him Asticot Pradel. After several adventures in London, the two set out to tramp about Europe, working as best they can where they can for a livelihood. In the course of their wanderings they come upon a girl who plays a zither for her guardian and master. Immediately after the meeting the master dies and Gaston, in keeping with an artistic impulse, takes over the name of the master, Berzelius Nibbidard Paragot, and adopts the girl. Paragot, as he shall be called, now has a coterie of one boy, Asticot, one girl, Blanquette and one grotesque dog, Narcisse. They are his, he is theirs, he will work for them, live for them.

At this point in his career, Paragot begins to play the violin in cafés and at country weddings, with Blanquette to play the zither and Asticot to play the tambourine and collect the money. Together they live a gay, easy, careless life, and Paragot teaches Asticot his naïve, yet wise and diverting philosophy of life. Finally, all three accept an engagement in a café "in the garden of the little lake-side restaurant at Aix-les-Bains". Here, Paragot sees Joanna with her French husband and all the longing and misery of his earlier love affair comes back to him. The three vagabonds leave Aix-les-Bains and continue across Europe until they come, at the time of winter, into Buda-Pesth. Here, Paragot discovers that he has been left some money by the death of a relative and meets with a former friend and artist, Theodor Izelin. The vagabond leaves Asticot with the Izelins so that the boy may study art with the master. Paragot leaves for England. Two years later he returns to Paris where he sets up a house in the Rue des Saladiers for himself, Asticot, Blanquette and Narcisse. Here, one night, Joanna comes to Paragot for assistance. Her husband has become subject to fits of madness and, in these fits, believes that he has killed Paragot. Out of the love the man bears to Joanna he goes to her husband and effects a cure-temporary. However, he is forced to return as the fits recur. Joanna learns from her husband, by means of a note she finds from him to Paragot, that her former lover gave her over to her present husband for the sum of ten thousand pounds. Joanna attacks Paragot with this and he does not deny the charge. Shortly after this, however, Joanna's husband dies leaving a death-bed confession that he persuaded Paragot to give the woman to him; otherwise the Frenchman would have revealed the fraudulent business dealings of Joanna's father. Joanna forgives Paragot, they are reconciled and reengaged to be married. Paragot, none the less, despite the fact that he loves Joanna, cannot quite recapture the illusion of his first love. Beyond this he cannot endure Joanna's attempt to make his vagabond nature over into a gentleman's suiting and he flees the English village where Joanna lives and returns to Paris. Joanna understands. The two remain the best of friends. Paragot marries Blanquette

and settles down with her to life on a farm in France. He has found his proper place at last.

There is no doubt that Paragot (Berzelius Nibbidard Paragot, be it remembered) is a vagabond "fool of nature". He has almost all the qualities of the true "fool of nature" except that of ignorance of the ways of the world. Paragot knows much of the world and its ways, but he prefers to conduct himself against their grain. He is naïve, tender, sympathetic. None the less, he is anti-social; opposed to the conventions of society and the rules of life which it has made for its members. He is proud; proud of himself and of his peculiar progress through life, of his philosophy and of his art, proud of his conduct toward his fellows. He is courageous and gallant and it is out of the man's courageous gallantry that springs the loss of the woman he loves before the story of his life opens to our eyes. Paragot is, likewise, a man of temper and impetuosity. It may easily be surmised that the man gave up his love to save the reputation of her father as easily and quickly and with as much impetuosity of temper as he brought himself to break a violin over his landlord's too curious head.

Paragot seems to be a gay soul, and it is because of his gaiety and his weakness for fads in names and in other trifles that he seems to be capricious. Caprice is not so much the true quality of the man as is elasticity of nature and an ability to feign light-heartedness even in the face of extreme distress. In addition, it is the accepting philosophy of life which the man has built up for himself which enables him to preserve a lightness of touch which is not always closest to his heart even though it may be closest to his fingers. The man calls himself a "vagabond philosopher". He is not merely that but is something of a poet and an artist of life, likewise. To Paragot, the living of life is a matter of the utmost importance. He is sincere in this as in all things. If there seems to be something of a pose in this man's attitude toward the world it lies in the fact that he is able to appreciate the picturesqueness of his own position; this does not, however, lessen the sincerity with which he adopts that particular position.

At the conclusion of the novel, Paragot comes to a full realization of what life must mean to him and exactly what he must

accept of it and how he must live it. In short, he is no longer the victim of romantic delusion. "I have come indeed to the end of my journey. I started out to find Truth, the Reality of Things. I have found it. It is a woman, strong and steadfast, who looks into your eyes; who can help a man to accomplish his destiny. And the destiny of man is to work, and to beget strong children. And his reward is to have the light in his wife's eyes and the welcome of a child's voice as he crosses the threshold of his house. And it cleanses a man . . . . . Let us thank heaven we have escaped from the moon vapours of the Ideal, in which we poor humans are apt to lose our way and stray God knows whither." And as for Paragot, he has learned of life what is needful for his living of it.

It is by no means to be concluded that the dramatization of these two novels made possible the creation of "fools of nature" in the English drama of our day. Eugene Marchbanks was born on paper as early as 1894-95 and Barrie's own Professor trod the boards in "The Professor's Love Story" in 1894. Before 1906 many other "fools of nature" are to be found in the English drama. None the less, the dramatizations of "The Little Minister" and "The Beloved Vagabond" give the impulse to the creation of such characters by presenting the two important types of "fool of nature", the youthful innocent and the vagabond artist. Further than this, they give proof of a type which may be made to parallel that which exists likewise in the drama.

It would, of course, be possible to find numerous examples of the "fool of nature" in the contemporary English novel, and we need turn only to such notable names as Thomas Hardy, J. M. Barrie, Maurice Hewlett, George Moore and Joseph Conrad to gather for this category Clym Yeobright of "The Return of the Native" (1878), Tommy of "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel" (1900), Mark Senhouse of "Halfway House" (1908), "Open Country" (1909) and "Rest Harrow" (1910), Oliver Gogarty of "The Lake" (1905) and Lord Jim of "Lord Jim" (1900) and that shy, upstanding hero of the "Arrow of Gold" (1918). It is not the purpose of this work, however, to consider the "fool of nature" in the contemporary English novel at any length since that is, in itself, a separate and complete chore.

CHAPTER III.

The "Fool of Nature"

In considering the "fool of nature" in the Contemporary English drama it is found almost at once to be not only possible, but likewise definitely advantageous to divide the contemporary "fools of nature" into groups. The very fact that so many of the examples to be found are artists leads to a natural division under some such indicative heading. The same may be said for that wily character who sometimes assumes the guise of a "fool of nature" so that he may escape detection of his own nature.

By all means, however, the first such division to be made is that which will include all those characters in the plays considered which will fall, with a fair amount of ease, and with no great deviation from the mean, into the simple category of "fool of nature". Here, of course, will be found a large number — if not the greater portion — of the characters to be considered in this work.

It is unfortunate that we are chronologically forced to consider first so uncertain and arguable a character as is Cleopatra in George Bernard Shaw's play "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1898).[1] Cleopatra is a particularly difficult character to deal with because she is not a "fool of nature" in the accepted sense of the term. When we first see her she is more or less a child; as the play progresses she turns from extreme youth to young womanhood. The characteristics of the "fool of nature" in this girl are, then, not so much those indicative of the type as they are those indicative of Cleopatra's youth.

From her very first appearance, Cleopatra is stamped with naïvèté. When she first, unknowingly, looks upon the conquering Caesar bending over her, she addresses him as "old gentleman". Furthermore, although he is an entire stranger to her she begins to tell him all about herself, including the fact that she is the queen of Egypt, and without any knowledge concerning his pos-

[1] N. B.—Date of production is given unless otherwise noted.

sible identity. She is extremely naïve in her literal treatment of the stories she has heard of Caesar's custom of cutting off the heads of his enemies and she is obviously surprised when she learns that he does not do this. Her naïvèté is likewise expressed in the fact that she wonders if Mark Antony has ever been in love with anyone else, also in the fashion in which she talks on and on about him to Caesar. Her openly expressed astonishment when she discovers that Caesar is bald is on a piece with this.

Through the entire play, even after she has borrowed the robes of Caesar's dignity, Cleopatra shows herself to be a timid soul not wanting in audacity or, later, cunning, but wanting in basic courage. She can not feel with Caesar that it is a noble thing to die. The manner in which she clings to the superstitions of her country that they may protect her is indicative of this timidity.

There is a certain childishness in this Cleopatra which remains even after she has come to womanhood. It expresses itself chiefly in petulance, in petty jealousy and tyranny, even in a continuous urge on her part to stick her tongue out at her brother. When she finally gains power for herself, she works it to excessive lengths and, far from assuming a dignity thereby, makes herself feared rather than respected. However, until the very conclusion of the play, even in the face of the signs of mental and moral growth of the woman one can not help feeling that she is still closer to the girl she was than the woman she is to be: cruel, magnificent, ungenerous, fascinating and reckless. As she is drawn for us by Shaw, there is much in her that reminds us of that sacred white cat of the palace of which we hear so much at the beginning of the play, but somehow never actually come to see.

The spectacle of the young "fool of nature", full of the naïvèté, the faith and the exuberance of youth, has about it an undeniable quality, at least, of the sentimentally satisfying. There is, in the "fool of nature" who has carried that character with him into middle age or old age, a far less satisfying quality. Especially is this true when the middle aged "fool of nature" is seen through the glass of keen perception which is George Bernard Shaw's in his talent for revealing what is least pleasant in human nature. This is the case of Mazzini Dunn in Shaw's play

of disintegrating England, "Heartbreak House" (1920). The character is relieved only by the fact that he possesses, unlike that other older "fool of nature" Mr. Pim, many of the qualities of youth.

The chief characteristics which are to be found in Mazzini Dunn and which, Shaw manages to make us feel, ought really to have been lost in him years before, are extreme gullibility, naïvèté and simplicity. It is enough to say of Mazzini's gullibility that he believes Hector Hushabye's stories in exact detail; and this is by no means the belief of the artist which would realize their basic reality even while it recognized how foreign they were to superficial truth. Mazzini's naïvèté, so refreshing in a younger man, is a trifle discountenancing here. Any man who proclaims —

"the great question is, not who we are, but what we are" — (Act I).

—must, necessarily, be naïve so far as the ways of the world are concerned. This quality is further indicated by the thoroughly solemn fashion in which he tells Mrs. Hushabye how he was once hypnotized by his daughter and rolled down the steps. Again, when he fires the pistol at the burglar, invader of Heartbreak House, he is in a sad state over it and goes about assuring everyone that he meant the burglar no harm. Finally, his estimation of the inhabitants of this house as —

"very charming people, most advanced, unprejudiced, frank, humane, unconventional, democratic, free-thinking and everything that is delightful to thoughtful people" — (Act III).

— can be but an estimation swerved from accuracy by the man's own naïvèté and simplicity.

As a result of Mazzini's particular qualities, he appears as a rather easy mark for the deception of others. In many ways, although not in all, he is deceived by the misintended kindness of Mangan. He is deceived, even more thoroughly, by his own daughter. Not only does he believe her to admire the Mangan type rather than the romantic Hushabye type, or to be incapable of attempting hypnotism again because of her unpleasant experience with it at an earlier period; but he likewise fails to understand the basic character of Ellie. To her father, Ellie always seems to be a sweet, tender and obedient girl; he never once sees

her restlessness, her cruelty, her vast store of unscrupulous passions, her hardness.

Mazzini has in him the quality of frankness developed to a rather alarming extent. He makes no attempt to conceal his feelings, nor his situation in life from others. He tells Mrs. Hushabye with the utmost frankness, when thanking her for her kindness to Ellie —

"I'm afraid she would have had no holiday if you had not invited her." — (Act II).

— which is, in every respect, simple and unaffected frankness and not a frankness superinduced by a devil-may-care indifference to everything in general. Again, his frankness is displayed by the manner in which he tells Hesione Hushabye that many women have flirted with him because they knew he was perfectly safe.

Yet despite all these characteristics in the man, there appears in him, from time to time, that extraordinarily clairvoyant perception which is to be found so often in the true "fool of nature"; that instinct for seeing what the really cleverer people cannot. For instance, it is Mazzini alone who is able to tell that Mangan is, basically, one of the most helpless of mortals. It is he who realizes that, when all the tumult and shouting have subsided in human affairs, it is only occasionally that anything has really happened after all. Beyond that, when all the characters are growing heroic during the air raid and are revelling in the sense of their own bravery, it is Mazzini alone who is able to think beyond them and exclaim —

"Think of the risk those poor fellows up there are running!"—(Act III)

There are other even more admirable qualities about this man; his blind love for his daughter; his love — though it may only be lip service — of freedom; his will to help in pushing along the burden of those about him; his futile, but unflagging, sense of honor. These are not, however, primarily the characteristics which do most to stamp Mazzini Dunn a "fool of nature", and such he surely is.

Undoubtedly, the most beautiful of the "fools of nature" that George Bernard Shaw has given us in his plays, although she may

represent the character somewhat less obviously than some of the others here recorded, is Joan, the heroine of "Saint Joan" (1923). Indeed, it might be said of Joan, in addition, that she is the most beautiful of all the characters this playwright has given to the theatre.

Joan is motivated chiefly by a simple determination, and by a faith the power of which is beyond the power of most human strength and weakness. Her simplicity we are able to see from the very beginning of the play. Her conduct is straightforward toward all she meets and she makes no real distinction between great and small, with the exception of the Dauphin and the Archbishop, both of whom are representative to her of the purest things in her life. She has a habit of calling everyone by his first name and this she explains very simply to Robert de Baudricourt by telling him that his first name is the only one really distinguishingly his own. Again, she is simple in her humbleness and it is the true humbleness of the deep and beautiful nature she reveals, not the elaborate humbleness of the fraud. There is a further simplicity revealed in the girl by the fact that she cannot understand why it is that, having won victories for France and having crowned its king by her efforts, she has failed to win anything other than hatred from the knights and churchmen and courtiers who have lost their own personal sources of income and adulation by the elevation of the Dauphin to the throne. All in all, every quality of character to be found in the girl is marked by a complete and unaffected simplicity.

This Joan of Arc is an entirely frank person. She does not mince words when she comes into the presence of the leaders of France, but tells them straight from the shoulder just what she has come for and what she proposes to do. Even in the smallest matters she displays frankness. Thus, upon her entrance to court, when the Duchess makes a remark, sotto voce, concerning Joan's hair, Joan (instead of pretending that she has not heard) turns about and gives the Duchess a direct answer. Again, in the same scene, she says to the Archbishop —

"Oh, my lord, will you send all these silly folks away so that I may speak to the Dauphin alone?" — (Scene II).

There may be added to this characteristic of frankness a naïvèté so predominant in the nature of Joan that it appears, not so much as a single phase of her character as it does a thing which tempers every other quality she possesses and gives each quality its individual height and tone.

There may be added to these touchstones of character the qualities of recklessness, of impetuosity under emotional stress, of intense determination that, when this last is viewed unkindly seems to be obstinacy. Beyond all these, Joan shows the keenest sort of insight into the characters of those about her, their desires, their unscrupulousness, their inclinations to betray France for their personal gain.

Beyond all this however, lies that great faith which seems to motivate Joan more completely than any other single force in the girl's nature. Primarily, she has faith in her mission in life. Secondarily, she has faith in her ability to fulfill that mission. None the less, she believes in her own weakness as an individual; her strength is something that has been poured into her through her faith in a righteous God. Thus, she corroborates her own belief.

"One thousand like me can stop them. Ten like me can stop them with God on our side." — (Scene I).

She believes, beyond all else that has come within the range of her experience, that she has been destined of God to free France from the ignominy of English occupation and to crown the Dauphin; the crowning, however, says Joan, will take something of a miracle. She believes with all the power of her nature in the voices of her saints, in the power of the sword that has been left for her by God behind the altar in the church of St. Catherine. Her voices come to her naturally; she is able to find reasons for their coming afterwards. Above all else, her faith is great and unfailing in that she believes devoutly that God is wiser than she and that so long as she is carrying out his commands she is doing what is well.

It is inevitable that Joan should come to that moment when the strength of her is tried almost beyond endurance, when her faith is almost shattered, and the great work she has done is

belittled, even in her own soul. At the seige of Orleans she falters once and turns to Dunois for courage; a moment of potent humanness. Again, at the coronation, she realizes that the world is too wicked for her. But it is at the trial that she strikes the lowest depths of despair, that pit bottom which is denial of one's own faith, when she is made to cry out from fear against her voices and against her belief in all that made her life a message of courage and beauty. It is out of this, however, that Joan comes to the greatest realization of her life; that she is right, and that she must continue with that right, come what may. It is because they wish to imprison her forever, away from the beauty of that earth which has been so long a part of her that she comes to an awakening, to this realization.

"But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your counsel is of the devil and that mine is of God." — (Scene VI).

And she comes through the fire with that cry on her lips that has been, at one time or another, on the lips of all who have loved earth and its beauties — "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"

James Matthew Barrie seems to have given us more than a small share of "fools of nature" in his plays. First of all, there is John Shand of "What Every Woman Knows" (1908), a young man of belated awakening. The fact that John Shand is a "fool of nature" is not at once obvious. His Scotch practical hardheadedness, so important a part of the man would induce us to disqualify him entirely for the rôle of a "fool of nature". However, Shand reveals so many of the characteristics of the type that it is, in the final analysis, difficult to exclude him from the category. If, then, he is to belong at all, it is fitting and proper that he be considered here.

John Shand is, above all other things, frank. He is sometimes frank to the point of recklessness — only Maggie is more reckless than he. The first thing we hear of the boy is from David in his description of the meeting of political import at which John spoke.

Alick — "Was it a good meeting?"

David — "Fairish." (With some heat). "That young John Shand *would* make a speech." — (Act I).

Again, when John is caught in the sacredest precincts of the Wylie home, he is entirely frank about himself, his mission and, incidentally, his good qualities. "I'm a brilliant scholar", says John to the impressed Wylies. The only saving grace which prevents us from rather disliking this young man for the manner in which he blurts forth his own qualities of scholarship, is the fact that the chief crack in the young man's nature is his lack of a sense of humor. "I never laughed in my life". Wisely, Barrie builds the crisis of his play about John's laugh; the last laugh. Only, in this case, it is the first.

Shand is an honest youth. Barrie tells us this twice in his author's notes of identification to the characters in which he so continuously indulges. Beyond this, however, John Shand is extraordinarily naïve. The first real intelligence we get of this comes in his chance little remark to Maggie:—

"I'm an extraordinarily queer character, and I suppose nobody knows me well except myself; but I know you, Maggie, to the very roots of you." — (Act II).

In the light of this play, what is recorded above ought to be a very famous speech.

John's naïvèté is further shown in his inability to find any faults in himself.

"I don't know, Maggie, to what failings you refer." — (Act II).

"There are hundreds of seats, but there is only one John Shand." — (Act III).

Such remarks arise not nearly so much out of bombast as out of sheer lack of knowledge and comprehension and, expressly, of lack of sense of humor. Above all else, the most delightfully naïve quality about the man is his dead sureness that all he has done is the result of his own efforts. His total inability to recognize the bright shadow of Maggie across the path of his success stamps the quality of naïvèté upon him once and for all.

There is, in John Shand, as there is in almost all true "fools of nature", the ability and willingness to face punishment when he

has blundered. There is no dissembling on the part of this Scotchman when he is found out in his affair with Lady Sybil. Again this recklessness in despair is equalled by Maggie's daring only.

Maggie — (scared) — "And now, if you'll come with me, I think John has something he wants to talk over with Lady Sybil." (Recovering and taking him on) — "Or would you prefer, John, to say it before us all?"

Sybil — (gasping) — "No!"

John — (flinging back his head) — "Yes, I prefer to say it before you all . . . . . Maggie knows, and it was only for her I was troubled. Do you think I'm afraid of them?" (With mighty relief) — "Now we can be open." — (Act III).

And it is somehow to his credit that he does not deviate into the by-paths of security which, so far as the brothers Wylie are concerned, seem open to him.

However, John goes even farther in his flinging away of career and fortune and future for the sake of Lady Sybil. This, on the other hand, is not an act of wild recklessness nearly so much as it is the act of a now foolishly sincere and over-serious man hounded by the first experience of a "weight of passion".

Like the true "fool of nature", John Shand comes to the point where he faces the most terrible of all doubts, — doubt of self. He begins to suspect that he may not be, after all, the strong man he once thought himself. But matters are carried even beyond the shadow of a doubt and the man comes to know unmistakeably that he, without the humor of his wife (Mr. Venables, with the wide gesture of statesman and philosopher, misnames that humor "virile") and without her inspiration and without her feeling for the little strokes of genius which mark the difference between what is good and what is great, he would be a very mediocre man, after all.

It is not until the fourth act that doubt of self comes to John Shand and all he has to say for himself then is — "Am I a strong man?" Of course, Maggie knows.

Out of this doubt of self there comes for John Shand, as is fitting and proper, a new finding of self, and this finding bursts forth clothed in that most saving of all graces — a laugh. Shand belongs to those who, out of tribulation or despair or disillusionment or any of those terrible fetters which so often fasten them-

selves upon the human being, comes to a true seeing of the light, a realization of himself in relationship to the entire world in which he lives, and a true estimate of his fitting place in that world and his value, or non-value to it. Above all, he is beginning to see the inestimable value to him of alliance with a clever woman.

There is no more appealing example of the "fool of nature" than the wide-eyed, naïve, disillusioned but, none the less, sporting lad of Sir James Matthew Barrie's "Rosalind" (1912). He is the boy duped by the illusion of beautiful things as they are not. He, Charles Roche, falls in love with a very vision of an actress whose chief glory is the playing of Rosalind to accompanying "swallow flights" across the stage. (It may well be asked if these "swallow flights" might not have been suggested to the author by the poetry of motion that was Ellen Terry.) This hardened woman disillusions the boy by revealing her truly middle-aged, comfortable self when he is expecting exquisite romance. (Somerset Maugham later permits his Lady Frederick, in the play of the same name, to do exactly that thing to a young fool who is in love with her, but neither character matters to us). Charles is gallant and still offers to marry the delightful Rosalind. Like all characters whose illusion is basically real, he possesses the illusion somewhere within himself for some time after its filmy exterior has been broken through.

None the less, Charles displays all the major characteristics of the true "fool of nature", even to the tag which the playwright has given him upon his entrance.

> "— an impatient young man in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, all aglow with raindrops. Public school (and the particular one) is written on his forehead, and almost nothing else; he has scarcely begun to surmise that anything else may be required." — ("Rosalind").

This, of course, is only half the story. All through the play Charles displays a charming blundering that is irresistable. He blunders into Mrs. Page's room and then, when he discovers Beatrice's photograph on the mantlepiece he immediately blurts out to Dame Quickly (Mrs. Page's landlady) his whole knowledge

of Beatrice. Again he blunders when he is told that it is the mother of Beatrice who sleeps on the couch before his very eyes.

Dame — "Is she like the daughter, think you?"

Charles — "In a way, very. Hair's not so pretty. She is not such a fine colour. Heavier built, and I should say not so tall. None of Miss Page's distinction, nothing *svelte* about her. As for the feet — the feet —" — ("Rosalind").

Charles is not merely honest; there is really nothing he is able to keep to himself. Yet, despite this fault, there is no moment during the play at which he seems utterly foolish. Even in the moment in which he insists so ardently in proposing to the woman he thinks to be the mother for her consent to his marriage with her daughter, he does not appear nearly so foolish as delightful. His buoyant youthfulness saves him; and his sincerity. No one less sincere could have thought of telling Mrs. Page (who must have looked a bundle of formidability) that he keeps Beatrice's picture opposite that of his sister in a locket, so that the two might be kissing each other when the locket is closed.

However, the most delightful piece of blundering in the entire character lies in the fact that, once he has recovered from the shock of the revelation that Beatrice and the middle-aged Mrs. Page are one, he continues his offers of love and begins to talk some captivating nonsense about the "delicious twilight of middle age". Somehow, we like him extremely because he has the daring to persist in his proposal even when he realizes the difference in the ages of the actress and himself.

There is a buoyance to be found in Charles that is not merely a product of his youthfulness, but of his basic nature as well. He is constantly on the rise. Perhaps it is this which enables him to meet so nobly that crisis when he tells Mrs. Page how unfair she is being to her daughter and, later, which produces his ability to go through with a bargain once made.

There are three qualities of Charles which are entirely of the "fool of nature". There is his tendency to become cynical after his disillusionment concerning the woman with whom he thought himself in love; a disillusionment which does not last overlong but is soon broken through by his natural rightness of outlook. The second is his characteristic of wanting to preserve his illu-

sion, even in the face of fact. He does not appreciate, or even like, Beatrice's efforts at play-acting against the romance of their situation; he wants to preserve an illusion of its freshness. The third is the fact that, once having been broken apparently of the "fool of nature" tendencies, he temporarily reverts to them fully in a gallant effort to make himself a dignified husband for Beatrice before he is changed into a responsible character and member of society.

When we turn to St. John Hankin's social comedy of lines, "The Charity That Began at Home" (1906), we discover three possibilities as "fools of nature". One of these characters, Lady Denison is an undoubted "fool of nature" and fits into this category with a properness not usually to be found in the feminine characters. Basil Hylton, the social idealist, is somewhat less fitting, but none the less belongs. The third character, Lady Denison's daughter Margery, is a possible "fool of nature". It seems necessary to discard her, however, on the basis that she is not one by her own character, but merely appears to be one because she is aping the ways of a man and woman who are true "fools of nature". There is something solid and stodgy in the nature of Margery that is not akin to the true representative of the type under discussion. Above all, there is a basic practicability in her nature which, when it is permitted to exercise itself, is her most real quality.

Basil Hylton, the young reformer of St. John Hankin's "The Charity That Began at Home", is not a very pure example of the "fool of nature", but there is in him something of the type. He is not, for that matter, a very distinctive character either, but that is not so much his fault as the fault of St. John Hankin, whose distinctive characterizations seem to be somewhat few and far between upon the whole.

Hylton is one of the most naïve of the characters to be found in this group. Naïvèté seems to be stamped almost upon his every action and his every word. First of all, he believes in lending a helping hand to people irrespective of their just deserts; a charming belief, but a thoroughly impracticable one when applied to worldly living. Again, Hylton's extreme naïvèté is

shown by the fact that he never quite sees the possibility of serious consequences arising from ultra fantastic propensities. For instance, he suggests to the impressionable Margery that Verreker may well be saved by means of sympathy and love, never once dreaming that the girl might try to reform Verreker with her own application of love and attempted understanding. To call this impulse of Hylton naïvèté is sometimes distinctly charitable in itself. Hylton is naïve, likewise, in his dogged persistence in believing (or thinking he has found) the good in people. If, for a moment, he sees the lack of good in people, he takes the first opportunity to discover that he was wrong and to make apologies.

Basil Hylton is an idealist. Indeed, he is so much one that he seems to be motivated by ideals rather than by actualities and experience. He is full of theories for the bettering of the race, and almost all of the theories are splendidly ideal and impracticable. His theory of lending a helping hand regardless of deserts (already touched upon) is one of these. So is his theory of "What is past is past". But, again, as we see these ideals put into practice in "The Charity That Began at Home", they are all more or less disastrous, chiefly because no single one of them takes an average rule of human conduct into consideration.

Hylton is a born blunderer, and in this he is undoubtedly a "fool of nature". However, he is a man of forty, and true "fools of nature" seldom retain their pristine characteristics to that age. One then begins to suspect the presence, along with the characteristics of the "fool of nature", of some of the qualities of the mere fool.

There is one quality in Hylton which is admirable, and that is his faith. This is the faith of the very young in everything about them; and of the simple and pure of heart. This particular character has, likewise, a rather inoffensive faith in himself and all his own ideals, and in the ability of those ideals to win all to him. He has supreme faith in the goodness of others, — they will turn out all right if they fall into the right hands. Above all, he has faith in woman and, particularly, in the woman who is to him the ideal of all that is good and pure and lovely.

As if this were not enough, to Hylton's faith is added his willingness and ability to sacrifice his own rights for the sake of others.

None the less, even though there is a tendency to suspect Hylton of being more of a fool than a "fool of nature", it is necessary to think twice before we designate him by the former term. He has the intuitive perception to realize that "the children of this world *are* wiser than the children of light" (Act I). It is perhaps most accurate to look upon Hylton as one who has never broken forth from his "fool of nature" character despite his age. He has not yet, as have most of the more true examples of the type, come through to an ability to cope with the world.

Lady Denison, as a "fool of nature" in "The Charity That Began at Home", is inextricably linked with the Basil Hylton of the same play. To a large extent she is a material echo of many of Hylton's theories; notably, the theory of hospitality. With the best of intentions, Hylton uses Lady Denison to work out his ideas concerning charity and, it must be admitted, Lady Denison falls in with the scheme with complete seriousness, if not quite with full heart. Early in the first act we hear the first echo of Hylton in the hostess' statement, "things always go better if only one tries to help people, don't they?" We may further surmise how definitely Lady Denison is influenced by Hylton in her anxiety lest something she is about to do might be disapproved of by that young man.

As a matter of fact, practically the first characteristic we see in Lady Denison is her own anxiety for others, overemphasized at all times; especially is this shown in her desire to please others. This is, as a result, so overworked, that the poor woman is usually offending someone she is trying to please. This, of course, is unconscious on her part. She is, in the first place, much too concerned whether her guests are enjoying themselves or not, an attitude which usually succeeds in causing a visible strain whenever exercised, because there is in it the obvious quality of the hostess who is not enjoying herself with her guests. Furthermore, she allows herself to be too definitely concerned about the wants of each individual guest. Tea must not be late because General

Bonsor is irritated by unpunctuality. German lessons must be suffered in order to please Miss Trigg. The spectacle of Lady Denison wandering about murmuring, "Der Apfel, Des Apfels, Dem Apfel, Den Apfel, O Apfel", provides several of the most genuinely amusing moments of the play. Again, when the general is telling a story, Lady Denison takes care to speak sotto voce — if she must speak at all.

It would be difficult, between Lady Denison and Basil Hylton, to make an estimate as to which is the more naïve. Although Lady Denison seems a borrower of Hylton's ideas, she by no means needs to borrow his naïvèté. Usually, this unfortunate woman is in a state of vague semi-suspension so far as what is happening about her is concerned. She is never aware of all that is happening around her; only of a part. There is naïvèté, likewise, in the rather stupid fashion in which Lady Denison accepts her duties. For instance, concerning the counterpane that she is making in the first act — "This is a crochet counterpane for old Mrs. Buckley. It's very ugly, isn't it?" Furthermore, she sees nothing peculiar in her statement concerning Margery's chance meeting with Mr. Firket. "So Margery paid his fare, and then, of course, they became friends" — (Act I). "Naturally!", says Mrs. Eversleigh; and there seems to be no comment necessary beyond that. Again, she is astounded by the possibility that her sister-in-law, who is almost her direct antithesis in character, needs to know the proportions of Hylton's income in order to be interested in him. Above all, Lady Denison's naïvèté in worldly matters is shown most definitely in the embarrassed hesitancy with which she presents the story of Anson who has chanced to disgrace herself with the already married butler. Yet, it is with the case of Anson that Lady Denison begins to turn from the complete simplicity of her ways.

The woman is somewhat more near the true "fool of nature" in character than is Hylton, because she eventually sees the light. The transformation begins to come at the close of the second act, almost immediately after she learns of her daughter's engagement to the worthless Verreker. She begins with the statement — "I must make a stand against it all, now, at once, while I remem-

ber." The jarring effect of "while I remember" is of the sort frequently employed by St. John Hankin which spoils character for the sake of line, — a heritage from Oscar Wilde. Lady Denison, however, follows this statement with the much more significant act of dismissing Soames. Before the play is out, of course, the woman has her lapses from worldliness, but it is sufficient to say that Lady Denison finally brings herself to the point of realizing that — "we are *in* the world, and we must accept its judgment as we cannot alter it". This is transformation.

Undoubtedly, one of the noblest and most gracious of the "fools of nature" in the Contemporary English Drama, has been given us in the figure of the patriot Patrick Sarsfield, hero of Lady Gregory's historical play, "The White Cockade" (1905). He is a man of wisdom and lively acuteness; but the naïve, almost stubborn, faith of a man in a cause that has turned worthless, an undying devotion to country and, beyond that, to a little, persimmon-minded king, James of England, stamp "fool of nature" upon him.

His faith and his devotion move hand in hand through the entire play. He has faith in himself; his own strength; the troops that he commands. He has faith, above everything else, in his country and its cause. He loses that faith in the brief moment in which he loses everything in the mean cowardliness of James.

"Gone, gone; he is gone — he betrayed me — he called me from the battle — he lost me my great name — he betrayed Ireland. Who is he? What is he? A King or what? (He pulls feathers one by one from cockade). King or knave — soldier — sailor — tinker — tailor — beggarman — thief. He has stolen away; he has stolen our good name; he has stolen our faith; he has stolen the pin that held loyalty to loyalty. A thief, a fox — a fox of trickery!" — (Act III).

Sarsfield's devotion to his country is colossal. The thought that dominates all his action is that of the good of Ireland. Because he believes that good lies within the range of the power of James he is almost completely blind to the infinite littleness of that king. It is the all-embracing devotion of the man that includes the country and its people in a love so blind that it sees the faults of neither. Sarsfield clothes both in a sort of poetic veil that derives

its original fabric from the man's own fervid faith. Even after James has shown himself a ludicrous coward, and called down curses on the heads of those who have discovered him in the wine barrel, Sarsfield still defends him as the king of his country. It is when the General, however, acts the rôle of the king, that we are able to realize most clearly the fiery passion and the depth of love which he has for his country.

"To be a king is to be a lover — a good lover of a beautiful sweetheart . . . . . He goes out so joyous, so high of heart, because it is never possible for him to do any deed for himself alone, but for her alone that is his dear lady. She is in his hands; he keeps them clean for her; it is for her he holds his head high; it is for her he shows courtesy to all, because he would not have rude voices raised about her . . . . . If she is in trouble or under sorrow, this sweetheart who trusts him, that trouble, God forgive him, brings him a sort of joy! To go out, to call his men, to give out shouts because the time has come to show what her strong lover can do for her — to go hungry that she may be fed; to go tired that her dear feet may tread safely; to die, it may be, at the last for her with such glory that the name he leaves with her is better than any living love, because he has been faithful, faithful, faithful." — (Act II).

And it is with this illusion of a king that Sarsfield plays out his own part as faithful lover to Ireland. Such, however, is not the stuff of kings so much as it is of the patriots who die for worthless kings.

Out of his devotion comes the sense of right and of duty that is so strong in Sarsfield's character. First there is the continuous duty to his country and to those who are its friends. He idealizes Ireland; he idealizes the people of that country; he even throws the cloak of his own ideal over that timorous king whom he believes the friend of that country. Unfortunately, it is Sarsfield with his loyalty, his naïve faith, his idealism, his humbleness and his infinite gallantry who should have been king. He would have been a king to write a play about.

Like the true "fool of nature" he is, Sarsfield, after his defeat at the hands of James and his sudden and bitter disillusionment in a realization of the true worthlessness of the king, turns back to his old faith and to a new journey on the old road.

"What is holding me? Habit, custom. What is it the priests say? — the cloud of witnesses. Maybe the call of some old angry father of mine, that fought two thousand years ago for a bad master." — (Act III).

There is undeniable beauty in a faithfulness as strong and constant as this, even though it presents the ironic picture of the strong and noble wasting its life for the worthless and weak.

John Galsworthy, in the long series of plays representative of his efforts for the modern English-speaking stage, has given us an unusually long series of "fools of nature", including such characters as Ferrand and Wellwyn in "The Pigeon" (1912), Stephen More in "The Mob" (1914), Michael Strangeway in "A Bit o' Love" (1915), and the Little Man in the short three-scene play of the same name (1915). Of these, one is an artist and two are, in a sense, minor characterizations, and will therefore be discussed at another time.

In Galsworthy's rather disappointing play "The Mob", a social tract that misses fire dramatically, we have another picture of the "fool of nature" as idealist; a man who, like Patrick Sarsfield, retains ultimate faith in the face of the most complete disillusionment and the most devastating opposition. This is Stephen More, the young statesman who opposes the policy of England during the Boer war. The most important quality in this man's character is that faith which swells in a steady crescendo through the course of the play until, in the brief tableau at the close, we see a statue erected to it. The faith of Stephen More is one based on his own ideals of freedom for all, of helpfulness to the smaller peoples who need help, of undiminishing chivalry toward others. In the preparation of the speech he is about to deliver to the House, we hear all this echoed:—

"We are about to force our will and our dominion on a race that has always been free, that loves its country, and its independence, as much as ever we love ours . . . . . Warlike in spirit these people may be — but they have no chance against ourselves. And war on such, however agreeable to the blind moment, is odious to the future. The great heart of mankind ever beats in sense and sympathy with the weaker. It is against this great heart of mankind that we are going. In the name of justice and civilization we pursue this policy; but by Justice we shall hereafter be judged, and by civilization — condemned." — (Act I).

There need be no clearer indication of the flight of More's idealism beyond the range of then-existing reality than is contained in these words. In such an ideal his faith is laid and he is ready for the sake of it to fly in the face of conventional opposition, even to the point of destruction. As has already been intimated, the faith of Stephen More increases as the play progresses. In Act II it is—"What is a man who holds a faith with all his heart to do?" In Act IV it is—"I believe my faith the higher, the better for mankind—Am I to slink away?", and finally, "You can break my head and my windows; but don't think that you can break my faith".

If there is another single quality in Stephen More that we are able to admire as consistently as his unwavering faith, it is his sense of chivalry. It is this, perhaps, more surely than any other quality in him, that marks him off from all those who are about him. To the challenge hurled by the pompous Dean (and most Deans in the plays of contemporary English playwrights seem to be primarily pompous), "Nations *can't* let each other alone", (Act II), Stephen answers inexorably, "Big ones could let little ones alone". The essential and chivalric difference between Stephen More and his associates is best, because most tensely, expressed in Act II, when the deputation from Toulmin is attempting to persuade More against his declaration of faith. One of the men, Shelder, declares that "the time of crusades is past". More returns, "Is it?"

However, there is more to Stephen than faith and chivalry; admirable as are both of these characteristics. The man is possessed of a true humility; the humility that arises chiefly from his honest feeling that he is the small servant of a good and just cause. There is in him a depth of honesty and truth as simple and straightforward as the man is himself. Unfortunately, Galsworthy has made Stephen More express himself too often in a fashion that makes him sound stubbornly unseeing and sententious. However, the expression of the playwright is here far weaker than is the conception of the character.

Stephen More is the pattern of a great and real gentleman. He is a "fool of nature", chiefly in that his character, as it stands

before us, has been molded from within and is one with the simple complexity and beauty of nature. It is not in keeping with the world of men but is rather, when all is said and done, antagonistic to that world's every aim and gesture. More breaks through to a complete realization of the world of men and the way in which it may be coped with; but, like the stubborn idealist he is, he does not choose to cope in the terms that men demand.

Although conceived in somewhat lesser proportions than is Stephen More, Michael Strangeway, the chief protagonist of John Galsworthy's "A Bit o' Love" (1915), is very much the same sort of person; he is "one against the world". Michael Strangeway is motivated by the desire to love. In him the pristine unworldliness of the true "fool of nature" amounts almost to an otherworldliness. At the beginning of "A Bit o' Love" he gives expression to this feeling for love in the strongest terms.

"It isn't enough to love people because they're good to you, or because in some way or other you're going to get something by it. We have to love because we love loving. That's the great thing — without that we're nothing but Pagans." — (Act I).

It is the growth of this desire to love with a full, unselfish love that marks the growth of the man in his course through the play. It is first most clearly shown in action when he frees the bird from the cage of Mercy Jarland. It is furthered when he frees his wife from her obligations to him, thereby leaving her unhedged to go to her lover if she will and, incidentally, also bringing down the entire village in wrath upon his own head. He extends that love to a forgiveness of his enemies; even to the man who has spoken so insultingly of Beatrice. At the end of the play, then, when Strangeway has broken through his tribulation to an ultimate calm of self-possession, he realizes the full significance of his urge to love in what is much like a prayer:—

"God, of the moon and the sun; of joy and beauty, of loneliness and sorrow — give me strength to go on, till I love every living thing!" — (Act III, Scene II).

Michael Strangeway is an idealist; his ideal is that of earthly brotherhood; of kindliness toward all (excepting when that kindness is broken under the emotion of extreme stress, at which times he is possessed of a high, indignant strength); of brave-

ness; of complete unworldliness; of ability to win ultimately the battle against the human dross within oneself. However, all these characteristics are so violently accented, so dominant over all else in his nature, that Strangeway seems not nearly so much the material of the "fool of nature" as he is that of the martyr. The "fool of nature" breaks through to a sort of worldly triumph; the triumph of the martyr is always essentially a spiritual one.

Among the pungent Irish creations which John Millington Synge has given us there is at least one, Christy Mahon, who approaches an almost complete realization of the modern "fool of nature". However, Christy is not the sole "fool of nature" which this Irish dramatist has given us.

There is much of the "fool of nature" to be found in the two blind beggars of John Millington Synge's—"The Well of the Saints" (1905), Mary and Martin Doul. Since both characters are almost exact counterparts, basically, the qualities of one are to be found reproduced, almost identically, in the other. The chief impulse that dominates their lives is faith in an illusion. The illusion is one of the beauty of the world bred out of an ignorance induced in them by years of blindness. This faith is so strong that it is able to withstand the disillusionment which actuality produces in the pair.

At the beginning of the first act Martin Doul believes that his wife is beautiful. He praises her yellow hair:—

"you were that length plaiting your yellow hair you have the morning lost on us."—(Act I)

Mary, in turn, believes her husband and the stories she has heard of her hair from others and adds, out of her own imagination, a fine skin and neck and brows. Beyond this, however, is not only the belief of Mary and Martin that she is a beautiful woman, but also that Martin is a handsome man—"the finest man and the finest woman of the seven counties of the East". With the restoration of their sight at the end of the act and the discovery of their own ill looks, the disillusionment sets in and rises to the point at which Martin (somewhat the more eager of the two) cries out—

"and that's the last thing I'm to set my eyes on in the life of the world —the villainy of a woman and the bloody strength of a man."—(Act II). As the pair lose their sight, however, there grows up in them a new faith in themselves until, at the close of the third act when the two set off for the south, we feel that the new faith (even though it has no pristine freshness about it) is one of stronger and more lasting fibre, threaded as it is with a realization of actual necessity.

It is not faith alone, especially faith in an illusion, which Mary and Martin Doul have in common with the "fool of nature". They are both extremely beauty conscious. First of all, there is the illusion of their own youthful beauty. Then there is their desire for possession of the beauty of the world; especially Martin's desire for Molly Byrne. Finally, when the first beauty is destroyed and the second snatched from them, they are able to imagine for themselves a new beauty which is of their own making, to console them in their journey through life. This pair likewise possesses naïvèté in common with the "fool of nature". If this is exemplified by nothing else it is shown at least in the ease with which they are deceived and with which they deceive themselves.

Above all, they have the ability to reconstruct a new life after their eyes have been opened to reality. They cope with life, finally, by consciously denying it.

There is cruelty in this pair and arrogance and ignorance, but all this comes as much from the life they live as from them.

It would be asking almost too much to demand from these contemporary figures a perfect exposition of the original type, or for that matter, of any arbitrary type whatsoever. None the less, Synge seems to have given us a character of such proportions. It will be found difficult to come upon a closer approach to the true "fool of nature" than what we have in the Christopher Mahon of John Millington Synge's earthly Irish comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World" (1907). The boy who has "killed" his father possesses almost all of the stated characteristics of the true "fool of nature" and, in addition to that, there is little in the character which is both individually Christy's and, at the

same time, lies beyond the characteristics of the "fool of nature". If there is an ideal contemporary reproduction of the type, it is to be found here.

The first quality of the "fool of nature" to be found in Christy Mahon, perhaps because it is the quality displayed earliest, is that of shyness,—fear of the world. It has already been emphatically mentioned that the true "fool of nature", in his original form, knows no fear. However, the ignorance of the world which the original presents will very often be found, in the modern counterpart, to be more or less tainted with fear of the world; especially in the more abject types of which Christy, when we first see him, is one. The feeling of fright appears again and again in this character. Upon his first appearance the boy has just come up out of a ditch where he has been hiding and groaning, and is seeking refuge in the nearest house from any possible visitations of the "peelers". Nor is this combination of fright and shyness dispelled in Christy easily, even by the first flatteries and admirings of those in old Michael James' household. It is out of fright and bewilderment that Christy first reveals his deed which brings him so much momentary acclaim. Pegeen Mike takes a broom to him and he squeals out:—

"Don't strike me. I killed my poor father Tuesday was a week, for doing the like of that." — (Act I).

Again, when he has begun to expand under the encouraging influence of adulation he is thrown into a spasm of anxiety by the Widow Quinn's knocking at the door. Later, when he is told of Pegeen's possible marriage to Shaneen Keogh (who, we may assume, is the living image of what Christy must have been like at home and is undoubtedly used by the playwright to point that fact) and is assured by Pegeen that she will have none of Shawn, the relieved Christy murmurs, "That God in glory may be thanked for that."

Even at the beginning of the second act, when Christy's position is more or less assured, the question of one of the girls — Sara Tansey — as to whether he is the man who has killed his father, elicits the uncertain, "I am, God help me."

Eventually, however, the boy's shyness and fright give way to a growing cockiness and assurance as security increases. His surliness with poor, benighted Shawn when he believes that young man wants to get rid of him, shows clearly enough how definitely Christy grows brazen with self-confidence. The brazenness, however, is a mere tinfoil covering for the still frightened boy, and it only needs the entrance of old Mahon in the second act to send Christy off screaming with terror, "It's the walking spirit of my murdered da!" This is Christy's first disillusionment; he has not killed his father, after all! With the assistance of the Widow Quinn, Christy weaves another spell of false self-confidence which is dispelled by the second appearance of his father, the second attempted murder and, chiefly, his desertion by Pegeen Mike. This is Christy's most complete disillusionment; the loss of faith in the woman who has become, however briefly, his ideal. All of the original fright and shrinking from the world reappear. Christy is alone, again. But it is out of this enforced loneliness, that this realization of his own true independence comes. This, again, is indicative of the true "fool of nature".

Like the true example of the type that he is, Christy is full of naïvèté. This quality appears in most of his actions. It is part of his shyness; part of his arrogance. This quality is shown very early in the play, but it is nowhere to be seen more clearly than in his first outpouring to Pegeen of the story of his early life. Christy presents, as a glowing example of his personal daring, the fact that he "near got six months for going with a dung fork and stabbing a fish". Again, the naïvèté of the boy is shown in his gullibility. He believes the statement of the girls that they have come miles to see him. "Bona fides by the side of the road they are", says Pegeen in her particularly matter-of-fact fashion. If Christy were not so naïve he would not make so much of a hero of himself.

It will be found that many of the "fools of nature" here are poets, either by trade or in spirit. Christy is a natural poet, and the poetry in him flows naturally and uncultivatedly out of his intrinsic deep feeling. It is only necessary to record such lines and speeches as:—

"— A distant place, master of the house, a windy corner of high distant hills". — (Act I).

"— rising up in the red dawn, or before it maybe, and going out into the yard as naked as an ashtree in the moon of May, and shying clods against the visage of the stars till he'd put the fear of death into the banbhs and the screeching sows." — (Act I).

"If the mitred bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of the holy prophets, I'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy, and she abroad; pacing back and forward, with a nose-gay in her golden shawl." — (Act II).

"— for there's torment in the splendor of her like, and she a girl any moon of midnight would take pride to meet, facing southwards on the heaths of Keel. But what did I want crawling forward to scorch my understanding at her flaming brow." — (Act III).

Granting that there is rhythm in the speech of almost all recorded in this play and a poetic formulation of thought among most of these people; none the less, Christy is poetic beyond the powers of the rest of them. Furthermore, the more emotionally wrought Christy is, the more poetic his speech. This, again, is the natural poet.

There is a great deal of romance about Christy; an aura of romance which easily explains the infatuated admiration which the others (ready, as they are, to entice romance into their lives) develop for him. The boy shows a certain shrewdness, a natural inventiveness, in the manner in which he builds up a legend of bravery about himself, very much after the fashion of Grimm's tailor-hero who killed "seven with one blow". The story of Christy's killing of his father grows, as is to be expected, with each telling. It begins rather modestly. "Larceny", suggests Michael James. "I had it in my mind it was a different word and a bigger", says Christy. And then he confesses that he just "riz the loy and let fall the edge of it on the ridge of his skull." But, as he tells the story again and again, and as the circle of approbation increases, the story grows and becomes involved, until the farthest depth to which the loy cut descends is "the knob of his gullet", and then the breeches belt. This is exactly the right sort of romancing to appeal to the people about Christy, — so long as

it remains romancing about a deed which they did not see committed.

There is great pathos in this character; and it is chiefly the pathos of loneliness. Christy tells us that he —

"was lonesome all times, and born lonesome, I'm thinking, as the moon of dawn." — (Act II).

It is this lonesomeness, more definitely than any other single characteristic of the boy that accounts for his extreme peculiarity of conduct; his shyness, his easy fright, his arrogance, his extravagance of action, his disillusion and his ultimate self-realization. (It might be brought to mind here that it was the utter lonesomeness of Parzival for the companionship of Kondwiramur that brought him so much of the sorrow out of which came his sympathy and understanding). Christy begins to come upon the finding of himself in rebellion, impassioned and senseless; and then things begin to break more clearly before his eyes until he knows that —

"if it's a poor thing to be lonesome, it's worse maybe to go mixing with the fools of earth." — (Act III).

From that moment on the waters of his spirit begin to clear steadily and consistently, until he bursts into his final hymn of triumph —

"Ten thousand blessings upon all that's here, for you've turned me a likely gaffer in the end of all, the way I'll go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to the dawning of the judgment day." — (Act III).

In considering the chief character of Allan Monkhouse' war play, "The Conquering Hero" (1924), as a "fool of nature", we are dealing with a young man who is lacking in two proper characteristics of the type: naïvèté and innocence. Christopher Rokeby is not innocent of the world and its ways; those things he knows. However, he is innocent in actual experience of the world, one feels, and does not know the power of its grip by actual touch with it.

Christopher Rokeby is an idealist. His is the ideal of the artist with his mind fixed upon the "eternal" as he terms it. He carries this to the arrogant point of making the statement that the artist is the peak of all things human:—

"The world doesn't exist without me — I speak for the lot of us — wars are not worth fighting but for me." — (Act I).

Certainly this is a proud and overweening thing to say; but it is to be remembered that we have another artist, who does not exist in a play, saying much the same thing in an essay of his which he calls, "The Case for the Artist".[1]

Even after Chris has succumbed and gone to war, experienced its horror and its blight, he still holds to an ideal. The young man idealizes people as well as things. To him, Frank is the ideal soldier and fighter, and for that Chris yields his brother-in-law all his admiration. Likewise, his brother, Stephen, comes to represent in Christopher's eyes, the ideal churchman fighting for his faith and the young man makes of him, too, an ideal which he manages to keep unsullied.

Chris, like so many of these "fools of nature", is full of pride. He is proud of his work and its destiny. He feels pride in himself to the extent that he feels himself almost too good to be wasted on the war. He is proud of the soul that is in him and of his struggle to possess that soul for himself. In addition to this, he is a finely sensitive instrument and the combination of pride and sensitivity is, in him, an extremely dangerous one. It is his sensitivity, chiefly, that gives Chris his accurate perception of things. Chris has the fine perception to see that the quandary in which he is placed, as to whether he will go to war or not, will not be settled by himself, but by event. It is he who, with practically no experience of war, realizes, unlike most of those who surround him, that it is the day of the "cheap patriot" at home, and the day of death and destruction for the soldier in battle. It is he, likewise, who sees the infinite and inevitable lure of the war for most men; that most will be going not because they want to, but because they will have no power to do anything else.

Out of the pride and the sensitiveness of this young man comes revolt against the world as it is. Should he be forced to go to that

[1] A. A. Milne — "The Case for the Artist" — "We perceive, in fact, that the only matter upon which any worker, other than the artist, can congratulate himself . . . . . is that he is helping to make the world tolerable for the artist. It is only the artist who will leave anything behind him."—If I May—New York—1921.

war against which he is so violently opposed, his "body would have to go through with it"; his "mind would be in perpetual revolt" (Act I). The chief sensation of revolt within him is concerned with his personal freedom. He must not be compelled; he must be free to act as he will. He must do things in his own way. However, the crisis finally comes for Christopher when he discovers that, for him, freedom may be found only in escape from himself.

From the very first moment we meet Christopher Rokeby, we see that cynicism is a characteristic dominant in his nature. Certainly, it is a characteristic not in keeping with the true "fool of nature". He calls himself and his brother —

"the degenerate sons of the family". — (Act I).

He is supremely scornful of his sister's little world of "glory and the grave". He is cynical concerning the public attitude toward war. He is continuously bitter, as a matter of fact, concerning it. Even in a moment of extreme danger he has time to say —

"When a man's lying in the trenches with a gash in him it must be a comfort to know it's good blood he's shedding." — (Act III).

But, we are made to feel of Christopher Rokeby that he, like Dion Anthony, is one of those who need cry out — "Why was I born without a skin, O God, that I must wear armor in order to touch or to be touched?"[1]

Yet, withal, Chris Rokeby has a certain degree of faith in him. He tries to remain faithful to his ideals and, above all, to himself. He even has faith in the people of his own country, in their ability to come, new-born, out of defeat. It is only when he himself is broken on the wheel of war that this faith is lessened. He is driven into war by a curious fascination he feels for the unknown and his intensity of feeling seems to urge him where the terror pervading that feeling becomes eventually blunted. However, daring as he may be in the end, the war eventually does for him and he comes out of it — unlike the true "fool of nature" — broken in spirit:—

"— the great man isn't crushed by the war, even by what I've gone through. If I'd been stronger — if I'd been better — It's very hard on men like me. This war is very hard on men like me." — (Act IV).

[1] Prologue—THE GREAT GOD BROWN—(1925)—Eugene O'Neill.

Another "fool of nature" which an Irish dramatist has given us is John Beal, the hero of Lord Dunsany's "If" (1921). Naïvèté is the hallmark of John Beal. He believes firmly that one may safely tamper with a people's religious beliefs, thereby saving human life and not reap resentment; that is naïve. He believes that, once one has gained power he may rest from his labors; that is more naïve. He believes that one may interfere, unharmed, with the ambitions of a woman and trust in the love of a woman who is accustomed to use her personal charms as a means of furthering her career; and that is most naïve.

John Beal has a peculiar faith in the harmlessness and good will of other people. He is certain that there is no harm in the native ornament brought him by Ali; a charm which turns out to be of the most evil powers. He is quite oblivious to the wiles of Miralda Clement: as much so at the close of the play when she is plotting his death with Hafiz as in the beginning when she is telling her sad story and Beal is answering —

"A shame? I should think it is. An awful shame. Why, it's a crying shame. He ought to go to prison . . . . . A man like that deserves anything." — (Act I, Scene IV).

Almost equally naïve is his certainty that it would be impossible for Miralda to come out into the wild eastern country of Al Shaldomir.

"it's impossible. Absolutely impossible. Why — good Lord — she couldn't come here. It would be — well, it would be impossible — it couldn't be done." — (Act II).

It need scarcely be added that Miralda does come and without a chaperon. Then, as John Beal falls under the spell of the woman's strange fascination, what was naïvèté becomes blindness, almost stupidity; so that when the faithful Daoud suggests that treachery may come from the woman, John answers:—

"Daoud, I have cast men into prison for saying less than this." — (Act III, Scene I).

Perhaps the quality which is responsible for this attitude may be most accurately termed doggedness. John *Will* take the charm from Ali; he will protect Miralda; he will not marry Miralda; he will not be king; he will save the natives from themselves. All this is characterized by persistence without perception.

Yet, John Beal is a good person of good qualities. He is moderately solid. He is honest in the strictest sense of the word. He is modest; he has simplicity of nature. Indeed, it is the simplicity of the man that saves him from "going native" as does Miralda. His mind persists in clinging to simpler English forms, even in the midst of Oriental opulence. And this is revealed from the very outset when he complains to his brother that he objects to the natives because he "can't get them to stop calling me absurd titles".

This man is, furthermore, extraordinarily chivalric. It is his English sense of chivalry that induces him to aid Miralda; to protect her; to live for her desires; to do her bidding. But he has a will of his own that is stronger than all this, and it ultimately causes him to gainsay the woman's caprice and finally saves him for himself rather than for the Arabian Night's atmosphere into which he has slipped. John Beal undoubtedly has a rather miserable time of it and we are not left with the feeling that his nature has been particularly enlarged by it. However, he does manage to come through and to come through more or less whole.

As might be expected from the fanciful quality of A. A. Milne's plays and from the constant sympathy of the author with the experiences of youth, there are to be found several "fools of nature" in Milne.

Melisande Knowle, the heroine of "The Romantic Age" (1920) is a "fool of nature", but she is not quite so distinctly that as she is a dreamer. Her course through the play is dominated by her attempt to remake the rather commonplace life about her into a legend of romance. Of course, the quality of dreaming is one frequently to be found in the "fool of nature" but, in Melisande, this quality is over-developed and, consequently, the character seems to lose something of its true proportions.

We are inclined to pass over the rebellious qualities in Melisande's nature, her remoteness from things worldly and her naïvèté, to level upon the romance that is so dominant in her. Melisande frankly states that she does not like housework because it is unromantic. She dislikes being called Sandy, as a nickname

for the beautiful one of Melisande which was given her, a name full of the sound of romance or, as her mother says on the other side of the argument —

"It makes me think of the sort of person who meets a strange young man to whom she has never been introduced, and talks to him in a forest with her hair coming down. They find her afterwards floating in a pool. Not at all the thing one wants for one's daughter." — (Act I).

Melisande had far rather people her world with Oberon and Titania in the glow of a midsummer eve than with those actual people who form her actual surroundings.

"Do you call that romance, Jane? Tennis and subscription dances and wearing tight shoes?"— (Act I).

The chief symbol of the girl's romantic imagination is the prince who is to come riding in all the trappings of knighthood, woo her as a princess, and steal her off to a distant castle. The idea becomes so fixed and so involved in her mind that it is worked out in all the labyrinthine peculiarities of a Grimm fairy-tale. The unfortunate Bobby by no means fills Melisande's conception of this prince because he is so "commonplace", her own condemnatory term for him. The irony of the play, of course, and the source of the girl's awakening, lies in the fact that the fairy prince who comes turns out, when he is not surrounded by the romantic glamor of midsummer night, to be a "commonplace" sort of young man from the stock exchange.

The point of Melisande's romantic fabrications is that they are not, basically, unreal to the girl, but real. Her chief disappointment in Gervase Mallory is the fact that he could amuse himself with a masquerade of the thing that is so real to her.

"You dress up and amuse yourself, and then laugh and go back to your ordinary life again."— (Act III).

Melisande is, then, entirely sincere in her romancing which has become so much a part of her that it displaces reality with a greater potency. Sincerity likewise shows itself in other respects in the girl's character. She wants to play fair with those who care for her; especially with Bobby who imagines himself in love with her. However, nothing could more thoroughly convince us of Melisande's sincerity than the intensity of feeling with which she accepts the presence of Gervase Mallory.

Melisande — (dreamily) — "I have seen him; I have talked to him; he has kissed me."

Jane — (amazed) — "Kissed you? Do you mean that he has — kissed you?"

Melisande — "I have looked into his eyes, and he has looked into mine."

Jane — "Yes, but who?"

Melisande — "The true knight, the prince, for whom I have been waiting so long." — (Act III).

If there need be any further proof of the sincerity of the girl, it lies in the fact that she feels, beyond the shadow of a doubt, real pain when her imagined world of romance is broken down at her feet.

Like a true "fool of nature", it is in disillusionment that Melisande comes to a realization of the significance of the everyday world and her proper place in it as the keeper of a house for the man she loves. She realizes that she has expected of life too much of a mistaken sort of thing, and that the romance she has been dreaming of is neither a part of the past nor of the present, but the essential of dreams. And thus it is that, when we come to the end of the play, we find Melisande learning a recipe for bread sauce — "Take an onion, peel and quarter it, and simmer it in milk . . . . ."

Beyond this A. A. Milne character there are, of course, even more recent "fools of nature" in the contemporary English drama. It would be difficult, indeed, to pass over Martin Farren, the misguided young hero of Clemence Dane's (Winifred Ashton) drama of the way things do not happen, "The Way Things Happen", (1924). Martin has the distinction among all the "fools of nature" here considered of being the only one who is called a Parsifal. Of him, Mr. Lomax, the villain of the piece, says, —

"Why, he'd have had you any time these five years if he'd not been one of these Parsifals . . . ." — (Act I).

Martin is not so obviously a "fool of nature" as are some of the other characters included here; none the less, in the final analysis, he is a thoroughly satisfying representative of the type. There is something a trifle wild about Martin, a wildness that is indicated in his smallest impetuosity as surely as it is in that

single fatal mistake that he hurtles himself into, thereby not only almost ruining his own life but the lives of his mother and of the woman who loves him as well.

Martin is rather painfully ignorant of the nature of woman. Perhaps this is chiefly because of the fact that his mother is so beautiful a character that the boy looks upon all women through the eyes of his experience with her. He fails, almost completely, until the crisis of the play, to see how little and mean the girl he is about to marry really is. On the other hand, he fails with equal completeness to unfold for himself the deep, the sacrificing and the protective love that lies in Shirley for his taking. There are, all in all, two kinds of men; those who give protection and those who need to be protected. Martin belongs distinctly to the latter class. His mother recognizes clearly (because she herself is a woman, Clemence Dane tells us) that Shirley is able to offer Martin the protection he needs and for this reason considers the two made for each other. It may be noted here, that much of Martin's ignorance is due to the mother-son relationship which exists here just as it does in the Parsifal story itself.

In addition to his ignorance of women, Martin is likewise unaware of the treachery in Lomax. He is one of those foolish young men who is inclined to see good in everything.

There is a boyish intensity in Martin that adds to his qualities as a "fool of nature". It is this serious intensity that makes him so self-centered in thought and action, so oblivious of Shirley. Even at that critical moment when Shirley's sacrifice to Lomax so that Martin may be saved first comes to the boy's knowledge he thinks only of himself.

". . . . I wasn't proud of myself anyway. I didn't think I was much. But now — you've put such shame upon me that I can't breathe. What right had you to shame me so? What right had you to smear me with your ghastly — charity? I'll bear my own burdens. Did I ask you to take over my sins? Is that what you've always thought of me — that I'm the sort of man to let a woman buy me off? How dare you make me into such a foul thing!"— (Act II).

This is the cry of the too impetuous, spoiled boy, suddenly stricken by the fact that he may have lost his own identity in the sacrifice of another, and that other a woman. It is, however, more

than that. It is the beginning of the struggle through ordeal to awakening of the boy who, having thought only of himself has brought that self to shame, only to find that shame is to him a horror and a violence of self.

Martin is an extravagant, self-willed, petted boy, but he has in him a personal pride of the right sort, a sense of high ideal which, though it cannot prevent him from fraud, is sufficient to make him desirous of bearing his own punishment. Martin is blind to the way things happen, but he comes through at last to the realization that, incomplete in himself, there exists a woman to whom he may turn to find completeness.

A very satisfying exponent of the type is to be found in Francis Lightfoot, the young scientist-hero of Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne's propagandistic study of war, "Wings Over Europe" (1929).

There are, essentially, three ways in which a character in a play is presented to us. First, by what is said concerning him; secondly, by what he himself says; lastly, by what he does. Most dramatists, if they understand their art, rely upon all three of these methods to present a character to an audience. Of some characters, however, much is said before they are actually seen. This is true of Francis Lightfoot. One physician calls him an "artist-scientist", another tells us he is normal. We are told that he is modest, brilliant, sensitive, that he is completely honest and truthful. Furthermore, to those who are reading the play, the authors give a vignette of the character upon his first entrance that is to be considered a strict interpretation of that character (v. "Candida").

"His face is very beautiful and rather unearthly. To prosaic people there is something rather noxious in this unearthliness, just as to poetic people there is something angelic in it. He has fine eyes which, in repose, alternate between dreaminess and daring; in action they betray, as do his brows, nostrils and mouth, a fiercely petulant wilfulness and an extreme pride — a pride entirely what the Bible would call 'ghostly'. His manner is nervous and constrained, for he is not at ease in the world of affairs." — (Act I).

Of all this, the most significant words are — "for he is not at ease in the world of affairs".

Despite his enormous knowledge of many things, Francis Lightfoot betrays the quality of naïvèté. He believes that public good is a matter easily solved when the question is large and the issue is simple. He likewise believes that, as a professed benefactor of mankind, he needs no other position in society. Naïvèté is further displayed in the boy in the fashion in which, having stated his discovery and its significance to the Cabinet, he then announces that responsibility rests with them and goes from the room, deep in the belief that something constructive will be done about the matter. Last of all, it must necessarily be thought that it is out of the youth's naïvèté that he trusts Evelyn Arthur, the most dangerous man in the Cabinet, dangerous because he is a thinking man without ideals.

It has already been intimated that young Lightfoot is modest and this characteristic is, in him, one linked inseparably with a wide simplicity. In all sincerity he is honored when he is told that he resembles the poet, Shelley. He is deeply grateful for the assistance which Evelyn Arthur offers him to further his purpose of world liberation. Even when he announces to the Cabinet that he has discovered how to control energy, he does so with a distinct sense of awe at his own power. It is out of the boy's simplicity of feeling that he is able, even in the crisis of his career, to go out into the park to look at the narcissi. When Evelyn Arthur, in the same crisis, reads the last chapter of a book with utmost calm, we feel instinctively that it is a clever and careful pose. The action of Francis is, however, sincere beyond a doubt.

Yet, even with this modesty and this simplicity, there is a tremendous pride in the boy's nature. We first see this in Francis' interview with his uncle, the Prime Minister.

Prime Minister — "Don't let yourself get excited, my boy. It's not going to be easy. I fear you may have some disappointment in front of you."

Francis Lightfoot — "Disappointments?"

Prime Minister — taking him past precipices at a good round trot: "Man will be man; but everybody will, I am sure, do their best to help you —"

Francis Lightfoot — "Help me? I am going to help them." — (Act I).

Again, despite the fact that Francis is profoundly moved by the statement that he resembles Shelley, he adds that he can not help

knowing that he is, in the field of science, Shelley's equal. This may be justified pride, but it is pride none the less. It is his intense pride which causes him to turn ugly once or twice upon the men who are too narrowly orbited to see the significance of his proposal. However, the insistent quality of his pride is shown most definitely in his continuous assertion that he is giving the Cabinet its chance to do something beautiful and great.

However, it is not Francis Lightfoot's naïvèté, nor his simplicity, nor his pride that is his most dominant quality; it is rather that idealism for which he lives so intensely and for which, ultimately, he dies, since one can not doubt that it is the tenseness with which he is concentrating upon the crisis of his life that causes him to walk in front of the lorry that runs him down. (Even more definitely does he sacrifice his life for his ideal in the acting version which causes him to be shot to death at the hands of Stapp.) This boy's ideal is the freedom of man. To Evelyn Arthur he says: —

"— Physics are my passion and Humanity my religion." — (Act I).

To the Cabinet he says: —

"I have called on you to build a House for Man".—(Act I).

As the realization of that ideal is made gradually more and more uncertain, Lightfoot clings to it more and more passionately until it becomes the one dominating thought of his mind, the one beacon toward which to strike, "a world of light and wings".

"The day of the Takers is over, I tell you; the day of the Givers dawns. And I inaugurate it — with the greatest of all possible gifts: mastery over matter. At last, Man is free to enlarge the Kingdom of the Spirit; and so, whether the Sum of Things is justified or not, to justify himself. And do you think, because the Spirit of Yesterday in *you* is afraid, the Spirit of To-morrow in *me* will run away?" — (Act II).

In his ideal and in himself, Francis Lightfoot has tremendous faith. In addition to this, however, he has faith in mankind, in the particular sort of mankind that surrounds him, in the man in the street. He believes in the good-will of people. He trusts, he hopes and he believes. Unfortunately, he has faith, among other things, in Evelyn Arthur.

To this young man, however, comes the bitterest disillusionment, and it is out of this disillusionment that his realization of

the world, of his hope and of his destiny comes. From the very beginning, Francis is prepared for disappointment by his uncle. None the less, he believes too deeply to be discouraged by mere word. As the play proceeds words grow into acts and Lightfoot is opposed and attacked on all sides. The deepest disappointment, on the other hand, lies for him in the reception of his proposal by Stapp who thereby hopes to make England conqueror of the world with the instrument the boy would use to liberate mankind. Behind this, of course, lurks always the blow that is given the scientist by the request of the Cabinet that he destroy his secret which is, for him, the very pulse of his life. Out of this comes Lightfoot's realization that he is dealing with little men and with moral cowards, but there also comes his growth from boy to man, and the man still clings to the ideal that was so ardently fostered by the boy.

"You speak of hope and humility, of time and courage. (With mysterious exaltation). I, too, have hope, but my hope is wider than yours, for it is not personal; my humility is deeper than yours, for it was born of the contemplation of night and the stars; my trust in time is stronger than yours, my courage stouter, for it is Nature's own. (Drawing himself up): Now I am dangerous, for I am with Her: I am her Sibyl and I speak from the recesses of *her* heart." — (Act III).

There are other characteristics of the "fool of nature" in this boy, and among them is inspiration and high ability to do and, on the other side of the scale, impatience with littleness and with stupidity. Dominating these, however, as it dominates every other quality in the boy, is a high and ultimately enduring idealism.

Just as we are told much of Francis Lightfoot by other characters in the play before he appears, so are we able to find his epitaph read from time to time during the course of the play. In Act II Lord Sunningdale says of the boy that "he's too full of faith, hope an' charity." It is Sir Romilly Blount who says that the boy "had guts". But, it is at the close of Act I, that Evelyn Arthur reads the most striking and lasting epitaph that could have been tagged to Francis Lightfoot: —

"And I solemnly say to you all, it would be better for that poor young man and for the world had he never been born."

CHAPTER IV.

The Minor Characters

It is to be pointed out that the "fools of nature" considered in the preceding chapter are, primarily, what might be called "straight" representatives of the type. By this, is meant a representative which, although it may not show all of the characteristics of the original prototype, none the less reproduces that prototype with a certain broad accuracy and, at the same time, does not readily fall into any immediately suggestive sub-grouping. There are, among these, several characters who may be seen to be undoubted idealists, a fact which might lead to the creation of such a sub-grouping as — "The Fool of Nature as Idealist". However, since idealism is likely to be found as an intrinsic quality in even the more elementary of the type "fools of nature", it seems scarcely fitting that the possession of this quality warrant position in a new and separate grouping. Secondarily, the "fools of nature" considered in the previous chapter will be seen to be important characters, rather than minor ones. True, Charles, the hero of Barrie's "Rosalind" occurs only in a one act play. He is, none the less, a character of primary importance to that play, and the fact that a one-act play is likely to be less significant in the abstract than is a three or more act play, has no particular bearing upon the matter.

The purpose of the present chapter is, then, to gather into a single catalogue the "fools of nature" who may be considered "straight" representatives of the type and who are, in addition, minor characters, either in the sense that they are not of primary importance in the plays in which they occur or they occur in plays which are, of themselves, not of particular importance in the canon of their creators.

There are, in George Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance", (1910) two young men who have a great many of the characteristics of the "fool of nature", but who have not — either of them — suffi-

cient of that character to be considered as very full representatives of the type. None the less, the presence of unmistakable characteristics in both cases prevents any yielding to a temptation to discard either without some slight consideration.

These two young men are Bentley Summerhays, the spoiled son of an English statesman and peer, and Gunner, the illegitimate child of a wealthy British manufacturer.

Bentley Summerhays is that sort of physically timid and mentally acute person who infuriates most men and appeals to most women. It is the quality of lost boy in him that arouses the sympathy and maternal affection of women. Bentley is a nervously rebellious and irascible youth; a sufferer from temperament. His chief fault is that he is too highly bred and too carefully protected from the world, not by a fearing mother but by almost everybody who has any relationship with him whatsoever. He is intelligent, but foolish, and is given to shouting out his opinions to a listening and unlistening world as the case may be. Most characteristic of the "fool of nature" in him is his habitual tendency to run against the grain of the world. He infuriates his father and is therefore left strictly alone by him; he enrages Johnny and is beaten for his pains; he annoys Lina Szczepanowska, and she remolds him.

Bentley is frank to the point of insult and his frankness is spoiled by a quality of impudence — which is to be found in the "fool of nature" — by a natural arrogance and overweening sense of superiority.

However, like a true "fool of nature", Bentley succeeds in breaking through his heavy coat of unfavorable qualities, of qualities that fit him ill for a normal place in the world, and in overcoming himself. This is largely due to Lina's drastic efforts, but she does not furnish him with the ability to overcome his timidity and his fear, only with the means to do that, and Bentley rises to the occasion when he is given the opportunity to show that there is in him, something that proves of worthy endurance.

Bentley — (terrified) — "Go up in an aeroplane! I daren't."
Lina — "You must learn to dare."

It must be remembered that this represents a period when the aeroplane was not quite the prevalent device that it is at present writing and that the particular aeroplane spoken of has already cracked up once. However, the "no" that Lord Summerhays puts upon the subject only fires Bentley with a further determination to go.

Bentley — "All right. I'll come".

Bentley — "I will. I'll lie down and yell until you let me go. I'm not a coward. I won't be a coward."

Lord Summerhays — "Miss Szczepanowska: my son is very dear to me. I implore you to wait until to-morrow morning."

Lina — "There may be a storm to-morrow. And I'll go: storm or no storm. I must risk my life to-morrow."

Bentley — "I hope there will be a storm."

Lina — (grasping his arm) — "You are trembling."

Bentley — "Yes: it's terror, sheer terror. I can hardly see. I can hardly stand. But I'll go with you." (Conclusion — "Misalliance").

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There is in Gunner an impetuous agony very much like that to be found in Bentley, although in the former it is differently directed from what it is in the latter. In Bentley it is active defense, not protective attack.

Gunner has the gaucheness and the naïvèté of the "fool of nature" more definitely than he has any other quality. He has something of the pride of the type but, like Bentley's, Gunner's pride is an aggressively painted mask for oversensitiveness rather than a purely natural quality. Along with this runs his boastfulness in an unflagging honesty, even while he is actually guilty of unfair procedure.

Gunner shows us the recklessness of despair through most of the long scene in which he appears, but there is, along with this a blundering, headlong quality which eventually carries him over to safety and sympathy. At the moment when everything has turned most against him, he quite accidentally wins a little triumph for himself by asking for the picture of Lucy Titmus, his mother, thereby giving Mrs. Tarleton a clue to his identity and gaining her for his most powerful ally. This is a triumph of blundering.

Together, Bentley and Gunner would make an almost complete "fool of nature". Bentley has spirit, rebelliousness against the pricks of the world, frankness, pride and ultimate courage to win through to a realization of himself. Gunner possesses awkwardness, pride, naïvèté and a romantic bias. All these characteristics thrown together tend to make a single perfect "fool of nature". Separately, each character is slightly less than a convincing representative of the type, with Bentley falling far more easily into the category than does Gunner.

Perhaps the most naïve of all the "fools of nature" that are to be recorded here is Hyacinth Halvey, who is so accidentally and ironically made a hero of in Lady Gregory's delightful and almost too brief comedy of report, "Hyacinth Halvey" (1906).

The first intimation of naïvèté in the boy is to be found in the manner in which Hyacinth speaks of himself and the good character he bears, which as "my mother was saying . . . . . is no burden". He uses the authority of his mother almost as much as does the young Parsifal before he gains greater wisdom to use as his own. A shy naïvèté is likewise shown in the boy in the fact that he is no way wishful to be displayed to the townspeople as an example of perfect goodness. The most convincing indication of this quality in him is, however, the fact that, after having given such excellent report of himself, Hyacinth puts forth all possible effort to get rid of his good character when he discovers the unfortunate responsibilities that have fallen upon him as a result. It is not until a later play that he is able to rid himself of these responsibilities and we find him, at the close of "The Full Moon" (1910), winning his way to escape. At the close of "Hyacinth Halvey", on the contrary, he is borne, protesting, on the shoulders of an admiring and fatuous citizenry.

Indeed, Hyacinth turns out to be a bewildered Irish counterpart of Grimm's Dr. Krebbs and a hero in spite of himself, and there is in this all of that full measure of irony that Lady Gregory is capable of. The unfortunate young man is the victim of a circumstance which raises him to an enviable prominence despite the fact that he has no wish or will to be raised.

Lady Gregory gives us another brief sketch of the "fool of nature" type in her puckishly solemn play, "The Dragon" (1919). This time the character is the Prince of the Marshes who is led upon the scene in Act I, accompanied by two very dragons of Aunts who seem to think as well as talk for the poor boy. The enormous oppression which the Prince suffers may be assumed from what is seen of the two Aunts and from the additional announcement of the young man — "seven aunts I have". As a result of this the boy is naïve, timid and shy and much that might be otherwise natural to his character is overwhelmed by the existence of so many female relations. None the less, the sight of the wild young Princess is sufficient to cause him to break all restraint and dash off after her to the especial bewilderment of one Aunt who says —

"What at all has come upon him? I never knew him this way before!" — (Act I).

However, there is a basic courage and goodness of tissue in the Prince and, when the Dragon comes for the Princess in the last act, the noble blood of the young Prince shows itself in a gallant striving in the face of great danger and years of unpreparedness.

"It is my grief that with all the teachers I had there was not one to learn me the handling of weapons or of arms. But for all that I will not run away, but will strive to strike one blow in your defence against that wicked beast." — (Act III).

Of course, he does not overthrow the Dragon, since that office must be left for the proper hero of the play, the true King of Sorcha who is disguised as a cook. None the less, the Prince finds his own courage in his fight with the Dragon, despite the fact that he is caught up, finally, by the two Aunts and run off from the fight. It is his reward that he ultimately finds his true self and there falls to him the tender office of restoring the Princess to life and, incidentally to her lover, Manus, King of Sorcha. And he carries all this off with so gracious an air, even succeeding in making the miserable little tailor happy, that we are inclined to wonder if he may not be something of a hero, too. Certainly, there is in him promise of far greater things.

Nurse — ". . . . . What is it you have at all?"

Prince of Marshes — (Taking bag from his Aunt) — "These three leaves from the Tree of Power that grows by the Well of Healing. Here they are now for you, tied with a thread of the wool of the sheep of the Land of Promise. There is power in them to bring one person only back to life."

First Aunt — "Give them back to me! You have your own life to think of as well as any other one!"

Second Aunt — "Do not spend and squander that cure on any person but yourself!"

Prince of Marshes — (Giving the leaves) — "And if I have given her my love that it is likely I will give to no other woman for ever, indeed and indeed, I would not ask her or wish her to wed with a very frightened man, and that is what I was a while ago. But you yourself have earned her, being brave."

Manus: (Taking leaves) — "I never will forget it to you. You will be a brave man yet."

Prince of Marshes — "Give me in place of it your sword; for I am going my lone through the world for a twelvemonth and a day, till I will learn to fight with my own hand." — (Act III).

Among the minor characters who are "fools of nature", two Galsworthy creations — already noted — find their place. The first of these two is Ferrand, the vagabond of "The Pigeon" (1912). Unfortunately, there is so much in Ferrand that is not of the "fool of nature", that it seems somewhat idle to point out that of him which is. There is in him, more of the rebel, more of the adventurer, than there is of the "fool of nature". Among the many characteristics of the type which Ferrand lacks is that of innocence. On the positive side, the man shows cynicism and bitterness, both of which characteristics the true "fool of nature" does not have.

None the less, there is about him that apartness, that running against the pricks of convention, which is so typical of the character. There is in him a distinct difference from the rest which is destined to mark him out for the scorn or the wonder of his fellows, as the case may be. There is, in Ferrand, a refusal to conform which is, in the true "fool of nature", a temporary inability to conform. "There is in some human souls, Monsieur, what cannot be made tame", he tells Wellwyn in Act II. And

it is the untamed ones, rather than the tamed, who are most likely to be "fools of nature"; for these are untamed, not in the sense that they are dangerously wild and violent, but in that they have not yet been made to bow beneath the yoke of domesticated society. In this sense, Ferrand is a "fool of nature", and one who bears his rather unfortunate circumstances with a noticeable gallantry; but there is scarcely any other sense in which he bears out the characteristics of the type so nearly as he does that of rebel.

A rather elementary example of the "fool of nature" is to be found in the Little Man, the hero of Galsworthy's three-scene play of the same name, (1915).

The chief quality of nature which dominates this little figure is feeling for others. In the first scene of the play when the various tourists are attempting waiter-control, the German by means of a militaristic and magnificent threatening, the American by means of periodic temperamental outbursts, the Little Man employs kindness. "I didn't want to hurt his feelings", he explains to the others. The fact that he gets results from the waiter is but incidental to the presence of this quality in his character. Again, when the American questions the feasibility of killing off all the weak for the general benefit of civilization, the Little Man displays the most intense sympathy for the weak and, in addition, indicates that he might be one of the weak to be killed off. Furthermore, in the train, when he does not see enough room in which to sit down, he asks if there might be made a little room for him, instead of plumping himself down without asking. Again, when the Little Man has gotten on the train with the baby and the Mother is left behind, the American thinks only of the anger of the Mother; the Little Man thinks only of the grief and anxiety of that Mother for the baby she has lost.

It is out of this feeling for others and this sensitivity, that the Little Man's will to help springs. This first appears most clearly at the end of the first scene when, after he has seemed rather inarticulate by comparison with the others, he is the only one to volunteer aid to the woman who is weighed beneath baby and bundles and is in immediate danger of missing the train. As the

play progresses, the will to help develops into an increasingly active kindness which, in itself, grows steadily with relation to the child until it leads the mild and harmless soul to actual rebellion and the use of profanity upon a highly formidable looking German official.

In addition to sensitivity, kindness, the will to help, this Little Man has many other of the characteristics of the "fool of nature". There is a clearly felt separateness from the world permeating the entire character. By comparison with those waiting in the station the Little Man is, as has already been mentioned, an inarticulate figure. The German and the American are able, despite the half-barrier of language between them, to express themselves freely to each other. The English do not choose to speak; the Dutch boy confines himself to a laugh. But the Little Man is the victim of interruptions and shyness.

Furthermore, the Little Man possesses naïvèté, honesty and simplicity; all characteristics of the "fool of nature". Beyond these, there is, in him, that uncertainty of progress and that bewilderment in first touch with wordly affairs that is almost always to be found in the type. The fact that this is displayed with direct relation to the baby is only partly indicative of its persistency in the man's character. When the American begins to ask questions concerning the state of the baby, the Little Man answers —

"Really, I don't — I'm not sure — I know so little about babies. I think it would have a nice expression — if — if it showed." — (Scene II).

For this character, however, there is no point of change. He remains a "fool of nature" until the end. The last glimpse we get of him shows him entirely bewildered, the victim of a speech of glorification made by the American which proceeds —

"I think I sense the situation when I say that we all esteem it an honour to breathe the rather inferior atmosphere of this station here along with our little friend. I guess we shall all go home and treasure the memory of his face as the whitest thing in our museum of recollections . . . . I am inspired with a new faith in mankind. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to present to you a sure-enough saint — only wants a halo, to be transfigured. (To the Little Man). Stand right up." — (Scene III).

And he is as completely bewildered by the moil and toil of action about him, as completely perplexed by the fuss that his more demonstrative companions are making over him as he was in the first scene when he was being accosted by the German and the American for opinions concerning the state of humanity and the fate of man. Galsworthy has given us, in this character, a sort of peg on which to hang a conception of the "fool of nature" that has gone on being that beyond the years in which the dying flame of youth so often leaves behind a glowing ember of realization of the meaning of the world. The Little Man, then, displays almost all the characteristics of the true "fool of nature" except youthfulness and ultimate realization.

There is a brief glimpse of a "fool of nature" given us in Micheal, the young lover of J. M. Synge's "The Shadow of the Glenn", (1903).

The boy is timid. He has not only the peasant fear of the dead, but shows a distinct timidity with relation to the living as well. He has frankness and simplicity. Indeed, his interest is much more definitely centered in the simple life than it is (unlike the interest of Christy Mahon) in a poetic conception of a life wandering the hills under the light of the stars. The boy is, in addition to this, properly naïve as a "fool of nature" should be and this naïvèté expresses itself chiefly in his difficulty with women which is approached only by his difficulty with sheep.

However, Micheal is too brief a sketch to enlarge upon to the detriment of more fully, even though less perfectly, drawn characters.

Another thumb-nail sketch of a "fool of nature" — very much like that of Micheal—is the Caller in Lord Dunsany's play, "The Lost Silk Hat", (1913). This young man is about to foster romance by running off to war and dying with the Bosnians after a quarrel with his sweetheart. His plan is balked by the fact that he forgets — a "fool of nature" tendency — his hat as he rushes out of the house. In his attempt to regain his hat he reveals a total inability to fake. The excuses he suggests to the Laborer, the Clerk and the Poet that they might use as means of regaining his hat for him are characterized by the most elementary and

naïve efforts at invention. The Caller is in a bad state and, as is usually the case with people of this type, the easiest way out proves to be through.

The Poet of this play, with his exalted conception of romance, is something of a "fool of nature", too. Like most of Dunsany's characters, both the Caller and the Poet are not nearly so important in themselves as they are as cogs in the machinery of the entire sketch, all of which serves to point some curious observation of people or of life. This sketch, accordingly, works up to the Policeman's dictum concerning the Poet, "He seems a bit wrong somehow", and the Laborer's answer concerning the Caller, "You should have seen the other one".

The nearest approach to a "fool of nature" that John Drinkwater has given us, even though there is something of the character in the poet of X = 0 (1917), is Duff Penner, one of the young Southern soldiers in that historical play of rather unrelieved monotony, "Robert E. Lee", (1923). The most notable quality in Penner compatible with the character of the "fool of nature" is utter simplicity. His joy in life seems to be centered in a banjo to which he seems to be so attached that he must carry it off to war with him. Duff's friendship and his loyalty are a part of the simplicity of his nature. He does not wish to be promoted for fear of being removed from his three companions. The boy, however, has not only simplicity in his tastes, but in his expression as well, and the most violent description he gives us of war during the entire play is—

"It is pretty bloody." — (Scene IV).

Even when he comes to die, his quiet and undemonstrative acceptance of death is fully indicative of this simplicity.

Duff has a kind and compassionate heart which he reveals chiefly with reference to his companions. He also has the unaffected highheartedness of the true "fool of nature". In addition to this he has courage (indeed, no true "fool of nature" is a coward, although he may be subject to fright) and naïvèté. Like most Drinkwater characters of minor importance, Penner suffers from sketchiness and a lack of complete fulfillment because of the author's lack of depth.

Although he is not a great deal more than a sketch, the character of Nicholas in A. A. Milne's "The Dover Road" (1921) is largely a "fool of nature". Certainly, he shows many qualities in common with the type but, most important, he has a "fool of nature" characteristic which is not always to be found in so well developed a form in the modern prototypes of the character. That is the quality of chivalry, and it is displayed by the young man chiefly toward women. Nicholas, like the good, stupid boy he is, runs off with Eustacia — a married woman — because she is neglected and he feels sorry for her.

> "Then out spake bold Sir Nicholas,
> An Oxford man was he:
> 'Lo, I will write a note to-night
> And ask her out to tea.'"
> (Act III, Scene I)

Then, of course, when he is abandoned by Eustacia for her cold-afflicted husband, Nicholas turns elsewhere to lavish his chivalric consolation. This time it is Anne whom he is able to help out of a predicament. However, Anne is not particularly receptive and Nicholas is left puzzled by the strangeness of women.

In keeping with his chivalry, is the sense of honor in the young man. "As a man of honor" he finds himself unable to abandon Eustacia when he discovers what a teriffic nuisance and bore she is. Incidentally, as a man of honor, he comes to the point where he realizes that he ought never to have run off with Eustacia at all.

Nicholas is extraordinarily naïve. Especially is this quality shown with reference to women, as has already been intimated. He considers them "so unreasonable" and forthwith gets himself into a position in which he finds himself making love to them, something which he does with a charming awkwardness. Added to this is his shyness which, although scarcely a characteristic of the original "fool of nature" is to be found again and again in the modern prototype. Above all, Nicholas is a likeable chap and he has a considerable amount of that supreme elusiveness which is known as charm.

CHAPTER V.

The Artist as "Fool of Nature"

In any consideration of the artist it is well to remember that the artist, to paraphrase a famous W. S. Gilbert lyric, is not always what he seems. The most insistent accusation of the world against the artist is that of excessive temperament and volatility. Temperament, of course, is essentially of two sorts, even in the artist of undeniable rank. There is that temperament which is natural to the artist and comes from the combination of an over-developed sensitivity with a nervous system laid too close to the surface. Then, there is that false temperament which many an artist, real and otherwise, assumes for the particular delectation of those who follow in the trail of his glorious star. Again, it is to be found that, like all things too insistently acted, a false temperament may well develop into its actual counterpart through custom and continued use.

Modern literature, taken by and large, has accustomed us to think of the artist as highly explosive material, and we need only name such works as "Evelyn Innes" by George Moore, (1898), "The Book of Carlotta", by Arnold Bennett, (1905), "Romance" by Edward Sheldon, (1913) and "Welded" by Eugene O'Neill, (1923) as ample support of this statement. None the less, the artist is frequently to be found a rather harmless, idealistic, naïve and refreshingly (or irritatingly as the case may be looked at) unworldly individual. As such, he is more or less likely to fall into the category of the "fool of nature". Among the artists to be considered here as "fools of nature", it should not be too surprising, then, to find that there are one, or perhaps even two who are not possessed of temperament in the more conventional sense of the word. The first character to be considered, however, may be said to have somewhat more of the quality than is beneficial for a single person to have. He is the young poet of rebellion, Eugene Marchbanks.

Eugene Marchbanks, the little poet who appears so timidly but so fixedly in George Bernard Shaw's "Candida" (1897), is one of the most faithful transcriptions of the "fool of nature" to be found and one who, out of a pitiful ignorance of the world, comes into his own with the possession of a secret of life that is not granted to the many.

As is customary with this particular playwright, the entrance of Marchbanks is prefaced by a description of the boy, and this throws so much light on the character that it seems to demand recording.

"He is a strange, shy youth of eighteen, slight, effeminate, with a delicate, childish voice, and a hunted, tormented expression and shrinking manner that shew the painful sensitiveness that very swift and acute apprehensiveness produces in youth before the character has grown to its full strength. Yet everything that his timidity and frailty suggest is contradicted by his face . . . . . He is so uncommon as to be almost unearthly; and to prosaic people there is something noxious in this unearthliness, just as to poetic people there is something angelic in it." — (Act I).

The most forcible characteristic of this young Eugene Marchbanks is his idealism. Early in the play he reveals his idealistic conception of other people's characters which he himself shrinks from seeing broken again and again. He idealizes woman in the character of Candida, and it is this chiefly which induces him to expand into such an exaggerated outburst as that, for instance, in which he indulges when he learns that Candida is cleaning the oil lamps with her own hands.

"Oh, don't torture me. The one great fact now is that your wife's beautiful fingers are dabbling in paraffin oil, and that you are sitting here comfortably preaching about it — everlasting preaching, preaching words, words, words." — (Act II).

To the lay mind this outburst may seem to be concerned with a ridiculously trifling matter; but even the lay mind must admit that Marchbanks' feelings are sincere and deep set and the impulse here given expression to rises from the inmost places of his nature. It is an ideal of human conduct that leads him to credit Morell with a brave and beautiful action when, at the close of the second act, Morell decides to leave Eugene and Candida alone

while he goes off to a lecture. But the most important act of idealization on the part of the young poet is that of his love for Candida. It is when that love is recognized and admitted with sympathy by the woman that Marchbanks believes himself to have attained the highest peak of heavenly happiness and, having learned that, he is able to live without other happiness. So ideal is his conception of Candida, however, that he faithfully believes the woman is worthier of a better and greater love than that either he or Morell is able to give her, the love of "some beautiful archangel with purple wings", as he expresses it. Certainly, he is fortunate in the object of his love; for Candida is the sort of woman able to make love, as she herself realizes, a thing to be remembered with beautiful thoughts and not with a lingering repulsion.

Ideality, on the other hand, is not the single quality of the "fool of nature" that Marchbanks possesses. He is frank to a fault. This is revealed in almost all of his conduct, whether in relation to things big or little. For instance, he tells Morell with a simple intensity that he can not stay to lunch because Candida does not want him to, but that she also does not want him to mention the fact. A few minutes later he tells Morell, with the same simple intensity, that he is in love with Candida. He is insultingly, and yet, sincerely frank in his estimation of Morell's character to Morell whom, as husbands go, he somewhat underrates. Above all else, he is, at no time during the play, anything other than frank concerning his love for Candida. Here, frankness becomes absolute honesty and must be considered as such.

Marchbanks is afflicted with a shyness and awkwardness arising from his intense supersensitiveness. These amount almost to a disease. He is, at first, hopelessly ill at ease in the presence of others. He does not suffer from laughing fits as does young Lomax in "Major Barbara" (1905), but rather from a feeling that he should have laughed and somehow failed to do so. He is frightfully disturbed by the idea that he may have to sit on the platform at one of Morell's lectures and thus be exhibited to the public eye, a fear more common to the artist than is usually admitted. We must surmise that the boy is rather painfully awk-

ward with his hands, but it is that awkwardness of emotional control, revealing itself chiefly in shyness, that is most unhappy in its effects upon him. It is his shyness which prevents him, as he explains to Miss Prossy, from drawing to himself that love which he so desperately needs.

Marchbanks — ". . . . I go about in search of love; and I find it in unmeasured stores in the bosoms of others. But when I try to ask for it, this horrible shyness strangles me; and I stand dumb, or worse than dumb, saying meaningless things: horrible lies. And I see the affection I am looking for given to dogs and cats and pet birds, because they come and ask for it . . . . . All the love in the world is longing to speak; only it dare not, because it is shy! shy! shy! That is the world's tragedy." (With a deep sigh he sits in the visitors' chair and buries his face in his hands).

Proserpine — "Wicked people get over that shyness occasionally, don't they?"

Marchbanks — (scrambling up almost fiercely) — "Wicked people means people who have no love: therefore they have no shame. They have the power to ask love because they don't need it: they have the power to offer it because they have none to give . . . . . But we, who have love, and long to mingle it with the love of others: we cannot utter a word." — (Act II).

Once he has overcome this with Candida he finds reward in the complete sympathy she shows him which, touched by his own imagination, becomes for him a sort of true love.

Marchbanks has the kindness and sensitivity for others which is, sooner or later, characteristic of the true "fool of nature". He is pained by the pain he sees in Morell's face when Candida deliberately and cruelly disillusions her husband of some of his elaborate beliefs in his own strength. He wants to help Prossy in her frustrated desires and need for love; but Prossy, of course, repells his offer of assistance. He is even kind and considerate in his attitude toward that old Philistine, Burgess.

Marchbanks has faith and understanding and an uncanny perception of the ills of others. Above all, he is like the true "fool of nature" in that he breaks through, finally, to a full realization of himself and of the secret of life as it must be lived by him. Out of his pain and uncertainty, his bewilderment in the world, come

a lasting love, a courage of the soul that is not a thing easily won, and an elastic ability to cope with life and with the world in which, sooner or later, he must live that life.

A far less satisfactory example of the artist as "fool of nature" that Bernard Shaw has given us is Louis Dubedat, the young artist of "The Doctor's Dilemma" (1906). This character is built very definitely upon an artistic bias and, in the author's attempt to make the young man everything artists have been accused of being he has, in certain sequences of the play, spoiled him as an individual.

The motivating power of Louis Dubedat's life is an artistic sense of the beautiful. For him, all that is not beautiful is negligible; all that is beautiful is true and real and worthy of living for. The entire rôle rises to that speech in the fourth act which immediately precedes the death of the young man.

"Think of all the wonderful pictures I shall never paint? . . . . . Well, you must be transfigured with the beauty of those pictures. Men must get such dreams from seeing you as they never could get from any daubing with paints and brushes. Painters must paint you as they never painted any mortal woman before. There must be a great tradition of beauty, a great atmosphere of wonder and romance. That is what men must always think of when they think of me. That is the sort of immortality I want. . . . . Promise me that immortality." — (Act IV).

Jennifer, his wife is to be his lasting chapel of beauty in his death as she was his shrine of beauty in his lifetime.

The artistic bias is strong in Dubedat, so strong that it gives him all the qualities that are natural to him. It is responsible for his passionate fight against conventionality, for his frankness, his vacillation, his seeming unscrupulousness.

The unscrupulousness that appears in Dubedat, varies from the point of view that may be taken if one looks at him with the eyes of the doctors to the point of view that may be taken if one looks at him with the eyes of Jennifer. It is in the presence of the doctors that this unscrupulousness takes its most virulent form. He borrows from one to pay the other; he is callous on the subject of the servant girl with whom he lived as husband while he was not legally married to her; he seems, in the eyes of Doctor

Ridgeon, to be, first, using his wife as security for his own looseness where money is concerned and, secondly, to be suggesting that that same doctor blackmail his patients in order to make him (Dubedat) famous. As these matters stand they are extremely reprehensible. Certainly, there are here bold flights in the face of the conventionalities of the world on the part of Dubedat. The difference between guilt and innocence lies in the two divergent views the doctors and the wife take of the young artist. The doctors consider him but an immoral artist, calloused against all the decencies of society and so enamoured of himself that he will stoop to anything, however vile, to further his own ends. Jennifer, on the other hand, considers his mistakes those of a harmless and unknowing little boy.

"He is still like that, quite unspoiled, a man in his thoughts, a great poet and artist in his dreams, and a child in his ways. I gave him myself and all that I had that he might grow to his full height with plenty of sunshine." — (Act II).

We can not help feeling that the playwright is more responsible for this lack of growth than the character which he uses to score the moralists when he should be using it to fulfill its own artistic expression.

In Dubedat's conduct throughout the play with relation to society and the world he is either in a state of rebellion or dreamy indifference. It is the dreamer, the daring dreamer, in Dubedat that is "fool of nature" and, as such, we can only feel that his estimation is best left to the love and mercy of his wife.

One of the most completely satisfying of the "fools of nature" who is likewise an artist is Wellwyn, the Pigeon, in John Galsworthy's play, "The Pigeon", (1912). He is, in addition, one of the most mild of the entire group, after Mazzini Dunn. The most outstanding characteristic of Wellwyn's nature is his feeling for others which ranges in all the phases from freest charity to sheer gullibility. His daughter, who is a rather practically-minded individual, describes his charity as "simply awful". But the deeply sympathetic impulses which Wellwyn feels for his fellowmen, most of them derelicts of society such as he himself would be were it not for his artistic genius, are far stronger than any mere

admonitions on the part of a lenient daughter could possibly be. Wellwyn is simply unable to resist the overwhelming feeling of compassion which less fortunate people than he is arouse in him.

"My dear, when they — when they look at you like that" — (Act I).

— is the somewhat vague explanation he gives his daughter as reason for his benevolent actions. However, he does add to this —

"I suppose they see I like them — then they tell me things. After that, of course you can't help doing what you can." — (Act I).

There is nothing of cold charity in Wellwyn. He does not give merely of his money. He gives of himself and of his convenience. As a matter of fact, the manner in which he permits Ferrand, Timson and Mrs. Megan, along with others who may be both observed and assumed by the spectator, to set his household on end and use his house as both a haven and a playground, all in one, is among Wellwyn's chief claims to a place in the "fool of nature" category.

So deeply rooted in his character is this artist's desire to help others that he is continuously telling himself, and others, how impossible it would be for him to act otherwise. As a man of intelligence, and he is that, he is forced to realize this in himself. For this reason, he is always attributing his kindly impulses to some unforseen circumstances. Thus, when he gives Timson an extra coin, after having already forwarded his day's wages, he says —

"This is for an exceptional purpose — Timson — see." — (Act II).

Exactly what the "exceptional purpose" is Wellwyn does not make quite clear. Another "exceptional purpose" is betrayed in his paying for a cab so that poor Guinevere Megan, who has just attempted suicide, might not be a spectacle for the crowd when she is being taken to the police station. It is such acts as these, however, that arouse in us the warmest feelings of affection for the character even while we may realize the hopeless romanticism of his outlook and his deliberate blindness to human foibles and failings.

A very particular phase of Wellwyn's charity is shown in his continuous desire to make excuses for those around him. For instance, when Timson filches the bottles of liquor —

Timson — ". . . . . You quite understand me — couldn't bear to 'ave anything on me that wasn't mine." (He passes out).

Ann — "Old fraud!"

Wellwyn — "'In' and 'on'. Mark my words, he'll restore the bottles."

Bertley — "But, my dear Wellwyn, that *is* stealing."

Wellwyn — "We all have our discrepancies, Vicar." — (Act II).

Wellwyn is sympathetic and always ready to excuse; so much has already been shown. To him, Timson is not worthless; he is merely unfortunate and extremely vulnerable. Again, in the third act, when the moving men appear on the scene, Wellwyn makes the statement that they are "good sorts, those fellows", without really knowing anything about them. On the other hand, this sympathetic impulse to excuse is not directed by Wellwyn toward any one particular sort of person. When Ferrand attacks the reformers of the play with their futile theories, Wellwyn answers him with—

"Don't be so bitter. Think of all the work they do!" — (Act III).

And this is not sarcasm. It is naïvèté. Again, after Mrs. Megan has attempted suicide and is about to be arrested for her vagrancy, Wellwyn comes to her assistance with —

"But, look here, Constable, as a reasonable man — This poor wretched little girl — you know what that life means better than anyone! Why! It's to her credit to try and jump out of it!" — (Act III).

This sympathy for others and desire to help them is not, by any means, the only characteristic which Wellwyn has in common with the "fool of nature". The man is naïve to an amazing degree for one of his experience and age. His statement to his daughter that the vagabonds he picks up are not spoken to by him first, they speak to him, is delightfully naïve. His puzzlement when Mrs. Megan comes to him over what, exactly, he is to do with her, is full of naïvèté. In fact, his whole attitude toward his associates is stamped with a naïve and guileless quality which is far more in keeping with inexperienced youth than it is with the natural acumen which this man has and carefully refrains from making use of on several distinct occasions.

Wellwyn's powers of resistance to appeal are noticeably underdeveloped. This is the chief reason why he gives out his visiting

cards so freely to those who approach him for assistance. This, furthered by the fact that he has so open and amenable a mind, leads him to be convinced of the integrity of whomever he happens to be with at any given moment. When Ann finally succeeds in moving her father to a safer and higher — seven flights up — quarter, it is only to find that he is again giving away his visiting cards as usual, As a matter of fact, one of the last pictures we have of the man is that of his refusal to help Timson: —

"Not now — Timson — not now! Take this!" (He takes out another card, and hands it to Timson). — (Act III).

Wellwyn is, likewise, an extraordinarily gallant individual. Nothing could be more characteristically indicative of his gallantry than —

"I find it safest to assume that every man is a gentleman, and every woman a lady." — (Act II).

However this statement may be criticised on the grounds of social safety it is, at least, a thorough indication of the fact that Wellwyn himself is a gentleman.

Wellwyn's gallantry shows itself with special force in his attitude toward poor little Megan, so pathetically named Guinevere. Beyond that, it is shown by his conduct toward the men: Timson and Ferrand. When Ann discovers that Timson has been stealing the rum, Wellwyn himself assumes the blame.

"I blame myself — very much. Ought to have kept it locked up." — (Act II).

When, on the other hand, Timson accuses Ferrand and Mrs. Megan of not being gentlemen, Wellwyn turns upon him with something like distinct asperity and tells him that he will not be believed.

Wellwyn suffers a trifle from a natural forgetfulness concerning such extremely delicate worldly matters as to whether he has already tipped the moving men once or twice. He likewise suffers from a certain untidiness of mind which not only serves to accentuate his character as that of a "fool of nature", but also serves to underscore the particular quality of "foolishness" which appears in him. Some of this, at least, is the artist's preoccupancy with matters which, in the mind of the artist at least, seem to be of far more lasting importance.

None the less, however exaggerated is this man's sense of helpfulness to his fellowmen, even when they are beyond the power of his help; however oblivious he may seem at times to the manner in which some of those he is helping are fleecing him; however overready he may be to make himself the butt of others' convenience, we can not help feeling that there is something in him of the finest possible quality of manhood. There is so much in Wellwyn — his kindness, his tolerance, his sympathy, his understanding of those who are not able to buffet the world with any degree of success — that is admirable in the highest degree, and all this leads us inevitably to say, along with that Chief Humble-Man who seems to be taking advantage of Wellwyn so flagrantly — "Good old pigeon!"

Again we come upon the artist as "fool of nature" in the character of Brian Strange, that particularly ebullient and intense young man who is, in the parlance of the theatre, the juvenile lead of A. A. Milne's satiric comedy of convention, "Mr. Pim Passes By", (1919).

Brian Strange has, chiefly, the qualities of sincerity, honesty and naïvèté. His sincerity is of that particularly intense sort that expresses itself to Brian's own disadvantage, especially at such times when complete silence would seem the most proper attitude to adopt. He is sincere in almost everything he undertakes. His love for Dinah is wholehearted, unaffected and thoroughly decent. His faith in square clouds and all the rest of his own particular paraphernalia of futuristic art has a very definite sincerity about it. To Dinah he says —

"We shall never be rich, but we shall have lots of fun, and meet interesting people, and feel that we're doing something worth doing, and not getting paid nearly enough for it, and we can curse the Academy together and the British public, and — oh, it's an exciting life." — (Act I).

Perhaps most important of all, is the sincerity of Brian in his own particular beliefs in life, right or wrong as they may seem from divergent points of view, and the sincerity of his faith in his destiny as an artist. The boy feels that he should be permitted, above all else, to find out for himself exactly what is his proper form of expression as an artist. Whether he ultimately follows

the dicta of art as expounded by Landseer or not is a matter of very little importance; what is important, however, is that he follow these dicta because he himself thinks them the best (which he does not) and not because someone else has told him to do so.

Brian is a very gallant young man. Especially is this true of his attitude toward women. First, he is the very essence of gallantry with Dinah; then, in his defence of Olivia when he thinks that she is in dire need of protection against the cohorts of convention, he shows himself doubly gallant. He has a very keen sense of what is the graceful and gracious thing to do even if, according to the standards of Lady Marden, it is not the right thing to do.

Brian is, all in all, a rather romantic figure and it is in this he stands in opposition to the advanced modern youth which he mistakenly represents in the eyes of Lady Marden and poor, benighted George. Above all, it is the romance in his nature rather than modernism that makes him kick against the pricks of convention.

One of the most thoroughly delightful of the characters created by A. A. Milne, and one who may well be added to this category, is Broxopp, the flamboyant hero of "The Great Broxopp" (1923). He is one of those rare people who has made as his chief art the art of living.

A. A. Milne gives us so perfect a description of Broxopp upon his first entrance into the play, that it seems only fitting to use it in a consideration of the character of the man.

"The Great Broxopp comes in . . . . He is twenty-five at this time, but might be any age, an impetuous, enthusiastic, flamboyant, simple creature; candid, generous; a gentleman, yet with no manners; an artist, yet not without vulgarity. His beliefs are simple. He believes in himself and Nancy; but mostly in himself." — (Act I).

Almost all the characteristics which Milne has attributed to his great Broxopp are, at one time or another, characteristics of the true "fool of nature". First and most important is that of faith. The most dominant quality in the man, as we have already been told, is his faith in himself. He is the *great* Broxopp to himself long before he is to anyone else, even before he is that to

Nancy, if we are to antedate the rising of the first curtain. One of Broxopp's chief announcements to his wife is, "Madam, you see in front of you the Great Broxopp". This is a belief so deeply rooted that we are made to feel that it would be strong in him even without Nancy's assistance — so long as it were to receive no constantly active discouragement. Certainly, the fact that his wife believes in him is an additional spur to his ambition; but it is not the one necessary source of nourishment to the enormous faith of this man which seems to come from an inner spring. The proof of this lies in the fact that once he has been forced to abandon his career and is then financially ruined, he is able to spring back into action with a faith as complete and self-satisfying as that with which he started. He was able to create the Great Broxopp; therefore, he will be able to create — out of the same material — the Great Chillingham.

Broxopp — "Did you tell him that I was making my fortune again?"

Nancy — "He told himself. I didn't say anything."

Broxopp — "Well, you might have, Nancy. Because it's true. I'm going to."

Nancy — "I'm sure you are, dear . . . . Say you don't feel bitter against Sir Roger."

Broxopp — "Bitter? Nancy, I'll tell you a secret. I'm *glad* he has lost my money. There! There are not many people who would say that, but then I'm not like other people. I have my own way of looking at things . . ." — (Act IV).

And this is a great part of the secret of the entire character.

In addition, Broxopp is certain that, just as he made famous the Broxopp hat and the Broxopp tie, so he will celebrate the Chillingham hat and the Chillingham tie. The Great Chillingham must have his picturesque eccentricities as well as the Great Broxopp. Like so many real artists, the man believes in the paraphernalia of artistic achievement.

There is an impetuous and blundering quality to Broxopp that likewise proclaims him a "fool of nature". Although this appears forcibly in the first act it is shown more clearly in the second act in which he prepares himself for a highly effective interview with Miss Johns and, after having bewildered her with a pyrotechnic display of his genius, discovers that she has not

come to him for an interview at all. Again, this impetuousness is displayed in the manner in which the man gives up his career for his son.

"No, I'll do the thing handsomely! You didn't marry a baronet, Nancy, but there's a Broxopp way as well as a Tenterden way. I do my things the Broxopp way, and the Great Broxopp is not the man for half measures. We'll make a clean sweep of it all." — (Act II).

Again, there is impetuousness of temper in Broxopp's system of attack and regret which he displays toward Tenterden; in fact, in the general fortunate headlongness of most of his conduct. As Broxopp reaps experience, the quality of blundering gives way to unfailing consciousness; but the quality of impetuousness always remains.

Undoubtedly, there is vulgarity in the man. The garish tie, the unusual hat, the strange cut of the clothes, the overemphasized color of personality; all these things smack of vulgarity. Likewise, there is something of the vulgar in the reckless speech which Broxopp so noticeably has in the first act and which is somewhat toned down thereafter.

"Woman, buy five hundred chops! Five hundred tons of fried potatoes! Five million bottles of tomatoe sauce! That's the sort of man I am." — (Act I).

Broxopp, himself, is conscious of this thread of the vulgar in his character and wisely does nothing about it because he realizes it is part of him. Without it he would be less certainly the Great Broxopp.

"I wear funny clothes — partly because it is in keeping with the name I have made for myself; partly, I dare say, because I have no taste." — (Act II).

But this vulgarity is, above all, the natural heritage of most artists and the natural outcome of their sense of display.

The vulgarity is not characteristic of the "fool of nature", but it is practically the only quality in Broxopp that is not. His generosity is. We may assume that Broxopp is generous toward the man from whom he buys the beans for babies from what is said by Nancy. We are able to see for ourselves how generous he is in his praise of Nancy who is, after all, not the making of him in the sense that Maggie Wylie is of John Shand, although

Broxopp gives her credit for being such. He is, beyond everything else, generous toward his son; for him he gives up the career he loves and makes himself miserable without complaint.

It is the faith in himself, the utterly unaffected simplicity, the buoyance, the generosity, the imagination and the naïvèté (which last quality is so complete and constant a part of the man that it scarcely seems to need mention) that go to make the Great Broxopp a notable figure among these "fools of nature". Beyond this he is an artist, full of the appreciation of self which would be arrogance in any but the artist; an artist of detail and an artist of effect, and, above all, an artist of effort. In every respect he is faithfully representative of the "fool of nature" as artist.

It is enlightening to find, in the same play, two characters who represent the true "fool of nature" and the type-character used as a cloak, such as we find in Geoffrey Considine and Mary Westlake, respectively, in St. John Ervine's comedy of an actress, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary", (1923).

Geoffrey possesses the chief characteristic of the "fool of nature", unworldly naïvèté, to an almost unbelievable degree. This quality betrays itself, first of all, in his estimation of Mary Westlake's character.

"Most women are obvious! But she's wonderful! So spontaneous, so incalculable! At one moment, she has the simple, demanding nature of a child, and at the next, the imperious manner of an empress." — (Act I).

One need only know Mary for a few minutes to realize that all this is what she seems; very little, if any, of it is what she is. The naïvèté of the boy again shows itself in his conduct toward Mary. He deliberately tells her that he used to wait outside the stage door for her to come out; that he loved her performance so much he wanted to kiss her. All this, of course, is exactly the sort of adulation that is joy to Mary's heart. The boy's most elaborately naïve stroke with reference to Mrs. Westlake is, however, his offer of marriage to her because he believes her to be compromised by his Uncle Henry who has been lost all night with her in a rowboat. This offer Geoffrey holds as a point of honor and principle. When Sir Henry refuses to marry Mrs. Westlake, Geoffrey feels it incumbent on him to bear the burden. Ulti-

mately, however, the young playwright has his opinion of her changed (as Mary herself desires) but it is not until he has already vowed that he could never reproach her for anything. This boy is, likewise, very unknowing in his conduct toward Sheila. The girl's jealousy of Mary has a web-like transparency about it. None the less, Geoffrey continually insists on telling Sheila how remarkable Mary is and asks her to acquiesce. The crowning touch, however, is added by the fact that he does not see that Sheila is in love with him and when, in Act IV, she tells him so, that his sole comment is, "But how damned funny!"

A piece of naïvèté on the part of Geoffrey that needs definite underscoring, is the fact that he considers Mary too great an actress to perform in a bad play, scarcely realizing that most actresses will, for sufficient remuneration, play in anything.

Geoffrey Considine is, all in all, one of the most thoroughly gullible of this group of "fools of nature". Mary finds it particularly easy to deceive him, and the airy disposal of her husband and of Geoffrey's play are but two points in instance.

This young playwright is an extraordinarily romantic and idealistic person. His romantic flare is brought out chiefly with relation to Mary's escapade in the rowboat. Hobbs believes her to be quite safe. Geoffrey has visions of her floating about in the sea. All this, however, pales beside the fact that when she finally turns out to be safe, he offers her marriage in accordance with his own chivalric code. Geoffrey's idealism is, in part, centered about Mary. His sense of honor, with reference to her, is particularly ideal. His chief idealism, on the other hand, is centered in what he rather fatuously chooses to believe his art. He will not adapt his play to please the "stalls" by shortening the length; he will not give it a happy ending to please the pit. Finally, he declares his ideals of playwrighting once and for all, when he says of Beeby —

"If I wrote the sort of muck he writes, I'd go into the Civil Service." — (Act III).

Add to these characteristics frankness, sensitivity, and an ultimate disillusionment in the person whom he admires most and we may readily see how close an approach Geoffrey Considine is to

the true "fool of nature". He has been quite openly used by a temperamental actress as the butt of her high nonsense in what amounts to a mere vacation from the daily routine of her theatrical life. One feels that the disillusionment has done him good and that he will eventually come through to be an entirely respectable member of society and, who knows, of the Civil Service. Whatever else may be said, this is undoubtedly one of the young artists who will be much better off in the long run if he does not insist upon practicing his art.

Another one of the doubtful artists, that is one whose art is doubted by those about him, is Philip, the young, blind hero of Sutton Vane's "Falling Leaves" (1924). There is much in Philip that indicates the "fool of nature"; his unseeing innocence of what is happening about him, his carelessness for the feelings of others, his impetuosity, his feeling for natural beauty, his self-opinionatedness, his overweening pride, the disillusionment that comes to him and the realization of values that arises from this disillusionment.

Perhaps the most dominant quality in Philip is his sense of self and the value he places upon his own conception of things. To Philip, he is the most important thing in his own little cosmos. The gardener, Hammerway, must not sweep the leaves from about the house because they disturb Philip's early morning sleep. That William Merivale should paint "Passion in a Gondola" is ridiculous; but when Philip paints "Love on the Canal" upon the same subject the result is bound to be a masterpiece. Philip is firmly convinced that he is destined to be a great artist and, in consequence, he makes those who are around him keep telling him so from time to time. Of a piece with Philip's sense of his own importance is his command to his wife, in the first act, that she stop being catty. He knows that when she is, she is unhappy; her unhappiness makes him unhappy, a state of being he loathes. Philip's consideration for his wife is blunted by his extreme consideration for himself. As a matter of fact, he makes very little distinction between the effect of his wife's unhappiness upon him and the effect of the gardener's whistling. Perhaps the most notable indication of his sense of self is to be

found in his planning of a second honeymoon which he does not mention to Sylva until it has been definitely formulated and then surprises her with the facts without troubling to ask whether or not such a thing would be agreeable to her. Honeymoon and new life and art and joy are all confused in his mind in one mass of selfish enthusiasm.

"Yes, wife, we'll go away to-morrow! And Penn — you must drink with me to my new idea! My new picture! . . . . . Oh! Isn't everything going splendidly?" — (Act II).

It is not to be wondered at, then, that his one cry when he discovers that Sylva loves Penn should be a cry of self —

"This can't be happening to *me*!" — (Act II).

It is the young man's intense love of self that makes him so entirely careless of the feelings of others. This is especially true of his attitude toward his wife. When she keeps him waiting for a brief moment while reading aloud to him he calls her stupid. He treats her, not with condescension, but with an air which indicates only too clearly how thoroughly he takes her for granted. And, as is the case with most women, she resents being taken for granted. None the less, there is much blame due Philip for his action with relation to the recovery of his eye-sight. He undergoes an operation of grave danger and does not tell Sylva anything about it until it is quite over. There is insult in this to the woman who, so far as may be observed, he does not consider worthy of sharing his anxieties. We are able to pity Philip in his blindness, a blindness which seems to be set upon his soul as well as upon his eyes. We are even able to condone his conduct towards others, because there is in it nothing that is brutal or consciously inconsiderate; it arises rather from a natural selfishness which has never been brought to take stock of its injuries to others and a thoughtless buoyancy which is more the result of a careless animal nature than of well-ordered disdain for others. His relation to Sylva arises chiefly out of his ignorance of women because of the fact that he has become too accustomed to them.

"It was all very——very difficult. You always treated me like a child — I became so used to women taking care of me in hospital. And you, in my blindness, seemed like some wonderful young mother rising above them all. I depended on you so, and when the light came back I was so

used to depending on you — depending on you *utterly* and nothing more. It was only when you were gone I realized you were my — I couldn't realize the difference at first." — (Act III).

Despite the fact that Philip is blind, he is motivated by a tremendous impetuosity of nature and a large self-satisfaction. He is full of the joy of life and the sense of things living, even in his blindness. When he is cured, these two qualities grow to such proportions that they burst their natural bounds and destroy his happiness by turning Sylva, whom he really loves in his own peculiar way, away from him into the arms of Penn who has a robust enough body but an aenemic soul.

Philip is full of irritability in every sense of the word. He is possessed of what is usually known as an irritable disposition; but, in addition to that, he is full of that particular sort of irritability which is known as sensitivity. He is chiefly sensitive to the effects of people and things on himself, but he is, unfortunately, almost totally unseeing of the effects which he himself may have upon other people. There is so much that Philip fails to see, not so much with his eyes as with his soul, that one is likely to believe that with him sensitivity is only skin deep.

Yet, as with the true "fool of nature", it is out of complete disillusionment that his realization, not so much of himself as of his love, comes to him. Sylva does not only take herself, on which Philip depended for everything, away from him, but she likewise takes away from him his self-confidence, his self-respect, his faith in his art.

Sylva — ". . . . . I wanted you to love me."
Philip — "I did love you".
Sylva — "But not as a wife, Philip. *Why* not as a wife?"
Philip — "I — I don't know. I think my work has got a lot to do with it."
Sylva — "Your work?"
Philip — "Yes".
Sylva — "You're not an artist at all!"
Philip — "What?"
Sylva — "You're a sham."
Philip — "How dare you!"

Sylva — "You don't work for the sake of Art. It's your name in the newspaper. That's why you don't really do good stuff — and why you never will." — (Act II).

And after she has taken everything else away from him she takes away herself. Left alone, Philip comes to his senses. Like Parzival, the young artist begins to dream of his love until he sees her everywhere, is conscious everywhere of her scent and of her beauty. When she returns he is ready to find in her what he needed to make his life whole and to take her at the value that was hers and not as the too convenient commodity he had come to believe her.

It might seem fitting to consider here that Mr. Bliss who is the technical head of the mad Bliss family Noel Coward has given us in "Hay Fever" (1925). He is, however, only the least of the poseurs of his erratic family and belongs elsewhere, along with the other members of the family.

It may well be asked just how much of the misconception the layman has of the artist may not be laid to the misinterpretation that has been given him (at the wish of the public) by some fellow artist. Both novelist and dramatist have been offered enormous opportunity for the exercise of floridity and exaggeration in the case of the artist. The poets and prima-donnas, who are little less than museum specimens, are legion. This unfortunate misinterpretation usually arises from a single fault, a lack of appreciation of the humanness of the artist. The novelist or playwright, writing of the artist, is very likely to forget that he is writing of a human being who is, incidentally, an artist, and seems to believe that he is dealing with some creature but accidentally human. That this figure should suffer so much at the hands of his fellows is largely due to the fact that he is set aside because of his extreme sensitivity and then placed where he may be gazed at by an open-mouthed and over-inquisitive public. It usually takes an artist to appreciate an artist, and sometimes even they themselves fail in the understanding because they deceive themselves into believing that there is so much more to understand than really exists.

In the final analysis, then, it will be found that the artist who is so often looked upon (by the more kind) as a fool, is much more nearly "fool of nature" and that what seems in him to be a wanton carelessness of convention is merely a failure to cope with the exactions of the world because he is otherwise occupied.

CHAPTER VI.

The Poseur as "Fool of Nature"

Up to this point, all the characters considered have been "fools of nature", to a greater or lesser extent, in intent, execution and without conscious effort to be so. However, just as any sincere character may be assumed by an individual as a pose or as a cloak for a hidden, more real character so is that of the "fool of nature" assumed by certain individuals as a pose. The reason for such an assumption is obvious. The true "fool of nature" is likely, because of his extreme naïvèté and ignorance of worldly matters, to be excused certain acts against the nature of the social world on the basis of these two qualities. It is an easy matter, therefore, for a clever person of a certain type to assume the character of a "fool of nature" so that he or she may thereby escape the censure and treatment usually meted out to a more worldly sort of person for the commission of social and, even, ethical mistakes. The character of the "fool of nature" thereby becomes a cloak under which to exercise a more dangerous natural instinct and a defense against detection and retribution.

It is to be noticed that most of the false "fools of nature" in whom the character is used only as a pose are women. There need be no comment on this self-explanatory statement. When a man assumes the character of the "fool of nature" as a pose he is likely to be a man of not unfeminine instincts and a flare for the theatric.

There are not many of this particular type to be found in the contemporary English drama; but, those who are to be recorded here are of no mean repute.

The first, and in many ways the most distinguished of the group in which we see the "fool of nature" qualities used as a pose is Lady Cicely Waynflete, the heroine of George Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion", (1899). The chief characteristic of the "fool of nature" which Lady Cicely

assumes, almost to the point of excessiveness, is naïvèté. This is coupled with an assumed worldly ignorance which, in the face of her natural perception of human nature and her ability to make people do what she wishes them to with anti-social indifference, makes her a distinctly dangerous woman. Lady Cicely is in not nearly so great danger in the hands of Captain Brassbound as is Captain Brassbound in the hands of Lady Cicely, a fact which he realizes at the close of Act II.

This particular sort of naïvèté first shows itself in the woman's pretense that everyone she meets is perfectly safe and trustworthy. Upon her first entrance she immediately disarms Rankin by her effusions.

"Oh, that is so nice of you, Mr. Rankin. This is a delicious country! And the people seem so good! They have such nice faces! We had such a handsome Moor to carry our luggage up! And two perfect pets of Krooboys!" — (Act I).

Again, Lady Cicely seems naïve in mistaking downright rudeness for frankness and sincerity. Mistake, as a matter of fact, is one of this fascinating woman's chief methods of making a particularly pointed observation. When Rankin, for instance, warns Lady Cicely that the natives in the Atlas Mountains are particularly dangerous, she asks if they are so because some explorer has been shooting at them. To the men this seems like the height of nonsense, though it is probably a very accurate guess arising from the woman's shrewd knowledge and instincts concerning people.

Again, as Lady Cicely meets each one of the "murderous escort" that is to guide her and Sir Howard into the mountain fastness, her affable and garden-party like greetings seem to be a combination of equal parts of naïvèté and flightiness of mind, all of which proves to be extremely disarming. It is to be noticed, however, that the quality of naïvèté is a purely mechanical device which the woman turns on at will and, in such rare moments as she feels no real need for it, is abandoned entirely. Her seeming openness and sincerity, the manner in which she walks into danger with no apparent qualm (as, for instance, when she is about to walk off alone with the sheik Sidi el Assif) and her continuous affability are all shams assumed by a woman who knows

that it is possible to go far if those about you suspect no danger in you and that, in addition, it is always possible to catch more flies with honey than it is with vinegar.

Lady Cicely employs simplicity of nature with the most devastating effects. She also employs a smooth variety of flattery with equally formidable results. One of Lady Waynflete's favorite gems of flattery is that of telling a man what a nice face he has. There is no definite magic in telling a man what a nice face he has. He is not supposed to care about such things when greater and more practical matters are at stake. None the less, Lady Cicely knows that it is impossible for almost any man to feel too bitter concerning a charming woman who has once told him what a nice face he has. Consequently, Drinkwater, Redbrook, the Krooboys, Sidi, are all told in succession what nice faces they have. Lady Cicely does not, however, make this remark to Captain Brassbound himself; probably because he has the only really nice face of the group and she realizes that such men have already been spoiled with that flattery by other women. To Captain Brassbound, therefore, she makes remark concerning his nice eyes. She flatters Redbrook by referring to his strength and saying that strong people are always so gentle. There is about the woman, probably at every one of these crucial moments, an air so charmingly innocent and sweetly frank that no one could disparage her entire sincerity. In the third act she wins Rankin's heart by an estimable piece of flattery of a different sort. Had she told the missionary that he was handsome he would have laughed pleasantly and immediately have considered her negligible. Therefore, when she tells him that he is the one present who has most knowledge of men and human nature, he immediately falls in with her trail of obedient admirers. With Captain Kearney, the appeal is to his thorough knowledge of his ship.

By one means or another, the deceit which this woman practices becomes an endless series. This, however, is not so much because of the great numbers of her deceit as it is because of the infinite variations which a single theme of deceit takes in her. Lady Cicely practices this deceit, as has already been intimated, chiefly through flattery and through a definite establishing of her

own guilelessness in the minds of others. Upon her entrance, she allows no time to be wasted, but immediately begins to mislead Rankin by talking to him what her brother-in-law, Sir Howard, pleases to call nonsense. She deceives Captain Brassbound at first by pretending that she is a naïvely brave, helpful, sympathetic woman ready to lend the hand of assistance wherever she may, not for her own good but for the good of others; the others happening to be, in this particular case, the Captain's men. The triumph of this woman's powers of deception comes, however, when she maneuvers the trial of Captain Brassbound in the third act. It is then that the amazing cleverness of the woman, which she has the double cleverness to hide from others, is most completely revealed.

Cleverness, almost cold cleverness, is the touchstone of Lady Cicely's power and the means by which she succeeds in managing almost everyone with whom she comes into contact. How she wheedles, how she deceives, how she threatens with subtle veiling of the threat, may best be shown by quotation from the actual body of the play itself. In Act II we find her in process of convincing Drinkwater that he should assist his wounded companion, Marzo.

Lady Cicely — "I'm going through every room in this castle to find a proper place to put that man. And now I'll tell you where you're going. You're going to get some water for Marzo, who is very thirsty. And then, when I've chosen a room for him, you're going to make a bed for him there."

Drinkwater — (sarcastically) — "Ow! Henny ather little suvvice? Mike yrseolf at owm, y' knaow, lidy."

Lady Cicely — (considerately) — "Don't go if you'd rather not, Mr. Drinkwater. Perhaps you're too tired. (Turning to the doorway) — I'll ask Captain Brassbound: he won't mind."

Drinkwater — (terrified, running after her and getting between her and the arch) — Naow, naow! Noaw, lidy: down't you go disturbin the kepn. Aw'll see to it."

Lady Cicely — (gravely) — "I was sure you would, Mr. Drinkwater. You have such a kind face." — (Act II).

Again, when she wishes to convince Sir Howard that he should not appear as evidence against his nephew, Captain Brassbound, she proceeds as follows:—

Lady Cicely—. . . . . "No. What I say is, that you ought not to tell the story yourself."

Sir Howard—"Why?"

Lady Cicely—"Because everybody would say you were such a clever lawyer you could make a poor, simple sailor like Captain Kearney believe anything. The proper thing for you to do, Howard, is to let me tell the exact truth. Then you can simply say that you are bound to confirm me. Nobody can blame you for that."

Sir Howard—. . . . . "Cicely, you are up to some devilment."

Lady Cicely—". . . Oh, very well. Tell the story yourself in your own clever way. I only proposed to tell the exact truth. You call that devilment. So it is, I daresay, from a lawyer's point of view."

Sir Howard—"I hope you're not offended."

Lady Cicely—. . . . . "My dear Howard, not a bit. Of course you're right: you know how these things ought to be done. I'll do exactly what you tell me, and confirm everything you say."—(Act II).

After which she appeals to Sir Howard's family pride and sense of shame. It is Lady Cicely who tells the story at the trial, and tells it in her own way.

Captain Brassbound is somewhat more difficult for Lady Cicely to handle than are the others and in the procedure she comes perilously close to losing her own freedom to him. She comes through free and unscathed, however, and Brassbound comes through completely disillusioned of his life and goal. But it is in this that Lady Cicely's secret of power is discovered, and to Brassbound.

"I have never been in love with any real person . . . . . How could I manage people if a had that mad little bit of self left in me?"—(Act III).

And, in the end, the woman goes off with little more than a realization that she has had a narrow escape and, incidentally, a glorious adventure. She is not unmasked, she is not revealed to those about her, perhaps because there is no other woman to do the unmasking.

Although he is not so "straight" a representative of this particular variation of the "fool of nature" as is Lady Cicely Wayn-

flete, Claude Devenish, the young poet whom A. A. Milne has given us in the sprightly "Belinda" (1918) belongs here. He is not, basically, separated from the actual naïvèté of the true "fool of nature" as entirely as is the heroine of the Shaw drama. None the less, many of the characteristics of the type are assumed, perhaps even unconsciously, by the young man in keeping with his pose as a poet.

The pose is first most clearly indicated by the boy's carefully and consciously constructed disdain for all that he considers commonplace. In Act I he declares, with a tilt of the nose we may assume, — "I don't write for the mob"; after he has first made sure that he has an audience to which to make the declaration. The pose is further indicated by his disdain of the unromantic and prosaic sound of the name of Robinson. Again, he wears his hair extraordinarily long, according to his own statement, to express his contempt of the conventions of society. All this leads to a serious consideration of the various poses of the young man which he happens to consider in keeping with the business of being a poet. Incidentally, he wears his hair long for an additional reason; he considers the effect of it a poetic one and the stamp of his profession. Claude also indulges in a picturesque despair when he loses Belinda because he enjoys the drama of the situation and the opportunity to dramatize himself. Furthermore, he is able to impress Baxter with his own fake despair. Actually, he no longer really cares for Belinda (and it may be questioned whether he ever did or not) but is in love with her daughter, Delia.

Devenish is full of the sense of the romance of life; or, rather, the romance of life as he would wish it to be. Yet, he is a basically clever boy, and we can not help feeling that he is playing at a romance that he has built out of his own fancy and contrary to what he knows to be the true course of things. To Belinda, he cries dramatically —

"What can I offer you? Dreams — nothing but dreams. Come with me and I will show you the world through my dreams. What can I give you? Youth, freedom, beauty —" — (Act II).

Certainly all of this is sincere enough, because the boy himself is sincere. There is, even in this however, something of the playboy, the individual who is extremely conscious — no matter how sincere his beliefs — of the prettiness of his utterance or his situation. This is made even more clear by his addresses to Belinda whom he calls "my lady" and similar misappropriate names. All of this, however sincere, is more than half-conscious playacting.

Perhaps the most complete proof of the fact that most of this is posing, lies in the readiness with which Claude gives up poetry when Delia asks him to. This too, is done with a great gesture of resignation, but it makes us feel that he could not have been a poet to the very heart of him or he would not have given it up for the love of a girl.

There are two sorts of pose, essentially. One is a pose consciously assumed for either effect or deception; the other is a pose which, however conscious of effect the individual himself may be, is sincerely assumed out of the mistaken belief of the individual that he is that he is posing as. The pose of Claude Devenish belongs to the latter class. The pose of Lady Cicely belongs to the former group.

None the less, aside from his pose as a poetic "fool of nature", there is much of the real quality of the character in Devenish. He is naïve; he is intense; he is frank, to the point of insult; he has a deep and honest feeling for beauty. Finally, as has already been intimated, there must be something of the true "fool of nature" in an individual who is able to sustain an imaginary pose as honestly and sincerely as does this boy.

It is enlightening to discover that two of the most important characters discussed here among those who employ the qualities of the "fool of nature" as a cloak to be thrown concealingly over real and different natures, are women. The first is Lady Cicely, already discussed. The second is Mary Westlake, the temperamental actress of St. John Ervine's "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" (1923) who disguises her real self as a "fool of nature" with considerable aplomb and to very good effect.

Looking at the woman from the point of view of surface analysis, which is the way in which most of the people in the play

see her, Mary's chief characteristic seems to be an amazing naïvèté which amounts almost to blundering and stupidity at times. Mary makes use of this quality of naïvèté almost immediately upon her entrance, with her rather extravagant remarks concerning poetry and the possibility of Sir Henry's being a poet. As a matter of fact, she treats Sir Henry, who has been governor to Andabar, to a particularly large dose of this. When, in Act I, he asks her — "Are you interested in our Colonial policy, Mrs. Westlake?", she answers, "No. Are you?" This, of course, may be construed in two ways. Either it is the remark of a hasty woman who does not know the position of Sir Henry, or it is the remark of a subtle woman who pretends not to know the position of Sir Henry so that she may thereby score a jibe at the expense of the heedlessness known to be characteristic of so many colonial governors.

There is also an artistic naïvèté in this woman who determines to play thirteen year old Joan of Arc regardless of her own age. This, however, is by no means an impulse foreign to the aging actress.

Mrs. Westlake seems to be particularly untutored in the ways of the world when she declares quite bluntly that she makes a continuous practice of eavesdropping and, additionally, when she says (after just having taken the whiskey meant to restore poor water-logged Sir Henry) that she is always in the habit of taking things meant for other people. She likewise seems to be naïve when she appears to think that Geoffrey and Sir Henry are on the point of fighting for her.

Mary's frankness appears to be on a par with her naïvèté. She is quite open in indicating to Sheila, who is in love with Geoffrey, that she is sure the girl does not like her. Of course, she is equally frank in stating her own good qualities when she thinks such a thing necessary, —

"It's so degrading to tell lies. It implies that you are afraid to tell the truth, and I'm not. I've always said to myself, 'No matter how much it annoys your friends, tell the truth!'" — (Act IV).

Her frankness, however, does not, by any means stop here, but carries itself to all sorts of notably disastrous lengths.

The point of all this naïvèté and frankness is, when all is said and done, that neither one is real, but that both are assumed largely, usually for the purpose of disarming the victim Mary Westlake is next about to attack. For instance, upon her first entrance, Mary attempts to disarm the entire Considine family by making a statement which, if sincere, can only emanate from a mind of the feeblest powers.

"But how beautiful your home is. I always think it's such a beautiful thing to have a beautiful home." — (Act I).

Again, in the manner in which she says, "How-do-you-do" to everyone she has already greeted but ten minutes earlier, she proves herself dangerously disarming. Some of the seemingly naïve things Mrs. Westlake says are, in reality, subtleties. Thus, when Mrs. Considine tells Mary that they are all hoping Sheila and Geoffrey will marry each other, the actress answers — "Yes. Yes. I thought so. Does he know?" This seems, on the face of the statement, stupid, but in realization of the fact that Geoffrey does not actually know, the remark is a revelation of Mary's powers of perception. Again, her statement —

"But surely there is someone in the house who dislikes me. I shall feel very strange and uncomfortable if there isn't," — (Act II).

seems very naïve until we realize that it is part perception of the fact that Sheila does not like her and part pose.

Mary's ignorance of general knowledge is likewise of this two-fold nature. When she asks Sir Henry whether there are many colonies or few, it is debatable whether the question is a certainty or a pose, although it is, in all probability Ervine's attempt to give his actress-heroine an air of general ignorance simply because she is an actress. However, when Miss Mimms mentions the Brownies, a particular troop of girl scouts, and Mary says — probably wide-eyed —

"Oh, I see. I'd not heard of Brownies in that connection before. I was thinking of those funny little creatures with beards who sit on toadstools and turn the milk sour". — (Act II).

—this is not ignorance nearly so much as it is a deliberate attempt to deal out a gentle stab to Miss Mimms.

Mary Westlake is a mistress of intrigue and, basically, a clever woman. Her series of engagements and her uncertainty concerning them are not nearly so much the result of the fact that she is suffering from an inner confusion as they are the result of her insatiable and irresistable desire to play with people's lives. She is self-willed; she likes to have her own way and she likes to puppet others on the strings of her own wilfulness. However, she does not choose to be straightforward in doing this. Consequently, she assumes the qualities of naïvèté, frankness, truthfulness and blind blundering. As a consequence, she leads her manager to a home in the country on a wild goose chase; she completely upsets the equanimity of a vicar's household; she keeps a staid baronet up all night in a rowboat; she gets engaged to two men and breaks both engagements and gives a third man temporary fright; she brings about the union of a boy and girl to the general satisfaction of everybody; and, finally, disillusions the boy of his fondest fancies and secretly promises to put on his five-act poetic drama which must inevitably be a failure as a wedding gift to him when she knows that he is married. A woman of energy and cunning!

It is unusual to find an entire family that may be recorded with one single blow, but such is the case of the Blisses of Noel Coward's "Hay Fever" (1925). There is Mr. Bliss, a successful novelist, Mrs. Bliss, a famous, and unwillingly retired actress, and the two little Blisses, son and daughter. As has already been indicated, Mr. Bliss is, of the four, more nearly a sincere "fool of nature" than a poseur. Judith Bliss is, on the other hand, the most absorbing of the four characters. A woman of middle age, she is strikingly reminiscent of Mary Westlake. She is harder, more oblivious, more completely selfish in her demeanor than is Mary; scarcely less high-handed in her maneuverings of those around her. The high comedy scene in which she lures the poor stupid member of the civil service to declare himself affected by her charms is entirely revelatory of this. These mad Blisses are the source of, to put it mildly, wonderment of

their guests and, at the conclusion of the second act, when the entire family suddenly bursts into a dramatic scene from the play which Judith is about to revive, these same guests come to the conclusion that the Blisses are, at the very least, absolute fools, not only irresponsible, but unresponsible as well. All such foolishnesses are, in the Bliss family, poses, chiefly assumed to preserve their emotional isolation which they seem to cherish above any other of their possessions. It is for this reason that they belong, as a group, among the poseurs as "fools of nature".

CHAPTER VII

The "Exceptional" Cases

It is an old saw that every rule has its exceptions. In like fashion every type of character, if we are able to bring ourselves to the precarious point of formulating a type of character, has its numerous and notable exceptions. Thus, in formulating a type which we have called the "fool of nature" and in applying that type as a measure to any given body of characters — in this case the characters of the contemporary English drama from Shaw to Coward — it is immediately discovered that there are certain exceptions which, although they are potently suggestive of that type do not, for one vital reason or another, actually belong to it.

These exceptional cases, which may best be gathered together in a single group, are, in the main, of three sorts. There is the case of the character which would be a "fool of nature" were it not for the fact that he is either tainted in his wits or completely insane. The true "fool of nature", whatever may be the state of his innocence, his ignorance or his foolishness, is never tainted in his wits. The second is the case of the character who, although he has lost every vestige of youth, still retains the impulses of the most youthful "fool of nature". Such a man is Mr. Pim. It may well be noted that the figure who was perhaps responsible for the popularizing of the modern "fool of nature", the ebullient Paragot of William J. Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond" (1905)-(dramatization, 1906), is not a young "fool of nature". None the less, he has retained the impulses of youth and such a character as Mr. Pim has not. The third is the case of the "fool of nature" who appears in allegory and fantasy and is, in that respect, not quite a character of complete reality at all and therefore not subject to realistic division.

It is well to consider such a man as Carden Tyrrell in Edward Martyn's "The Heather Field" (1899), not only because he has

much about him that accords with our conception of the "fool of nature", but also because he serves to point out the fact that the truest sort of "fool of nature" is never a madman or, to express it somewhat more mildly, a man "tainted in his wits". This character conceived by the Irish playwright, Martyn, which owes so much to the "Father" of August Strindberg and to the "John Gabriel Borkman" of Henrick Ibsen, is not — even with the exercise of all charity in judgment of him — either a normal man, mentally, or one whose mentality is entirely healthy and sound.

Above everything else, Carden Tyrrell is an idealist. Beyond that he is one of those unhappy creatures to whom an unrealized ideal becomes an obsession in life. As he progresses through the play we find that he limits the ideal to the symbolism of a single figure — the heather field. However, it is obvious from what he says of himself that Tyrrell, in his younger years, was accustomed to make ideals, rather indiscriminately, of many things. Just as the young Parzival idealized the knights which he met in the woods into superior beings, or gods, so Carden had idealized women, and that high estimate is broken down by his experience with a single woman, Grace Desmond. Beyond this, he has brought himself to the point of making a fetich of the scenes of his youth. He says: —

"memory has idealized those past scenes, till only their beauty remains, wafted back to me like the aroma from some lost Paradise." — (Act I).

However, at this point in the play he is not yet so lost in his conception of the past that he can not realize it to be an ideal rather than a reality. Eventually, Tyrrell seeks so intently for an escape from reality by means of an ideal (a "soothing with picturesque ideality the restless suffering spirit" he calls it somewhere in the first act) that he absorbs the ideal to the point of extinction of reality and his mind wanders into the past to remain hopelessly rooted in its mesh of imaginary beauty. It is the power of his concentration on the heather field which has become to him a sacred symbol, his sense of freedom in the mountain breezes, the escape he finds in these and finally (when rash action with his tenants keeps him prisoner from these scenes) the escape he finds in the

very memory of them that wins him completely into a trance-like oblivion to all that is real.

Unlike so many of the "fools of nature" which are to be found in the Contemporary English Drama, Carden Tyrrell displays that feeling of closeness to earth which is shown in the original prototype. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the undercurrent of oneness with the earth may be felt in the character from his very first appearance, but it is not until the beginning of that badly balanced and emotionally disjointed third act that this is clearly expressed in so many words.

"Oh, to feel that despite all suffering one has the firmament, the earth, the sea!" — (Act III).

And out of the beauty Tyrrell has found on earth he seems to make for himself a beauty beyond earth.

Along with the obsession for idealization there is, in Carden Tyrrell, an obsession of conviction which is an additional foreshadowing of the ultimate madness. It is in ultimate madness, however, that this character, and every other character whose basic mentality is deranged, diverges from the true "fool of nature".

Tyrrell has a poetic nature. Especially strongly is this expressed in his phrases concerning the heather field. He has a desire for and a need of freedom and the unhampered life that is characteristic of the true "fool of nature". There is in him the quality of the mystic, of the dreamer, of enduring youthfulness, all of which are compatible with the "fool of nature" character. But it is madness which marks the divergence of Tyrrell from the type. The true "fool of nature" ultimately breaks through to a realization of worldly values and a capable estimation of them at their true worth. However, he accepts them and does not seek escape from them. His mind is not damaged by the breaking, but his spirit is tempered and made strong. As this thought of failure is put into other words by Christopher Rokeby it runs —

"—the great man isn't crushed by the war, even by what I've gone through. If I'd been stronger—if I'd been better—It's very hard on men like me."[1]

If one were to substitute "fool of nature" for "great man" in this quotation and "life" for "the war", the answer would then here be given to the question why such men as Carden Tyrrell are not true "fools of nature".

Again, strictly speaking, "Clutie" John, who is by all means the most satisfying characterization St. John Greer Ervine has given us in "John Ferguson" (1915) his Irish domestic tragedy, is not a "fool of nature". He has, none the less, several of the characteristics of the type and, furthermore, serves as an additional illustration of the fact that the individual afflicted with a mental disorder can not be a true "fool of nature" because that disorder prevents him from ably coping with the surrounding world and its ways.

The "queerness" of "Clutie" John is, of course, exhibited from the very moment of his entrance into the play. He says of himself —

"It's a quare pity of a man that's not distracted enough to be put in the madhouse and not wise enough to be let do what the rest of you do. It's a hard thing now that a man as harmless as myself can't be let play his whistle in peace."—(Act I).

However, "Clutie" is not harmless. This may be seen most clearly in the subtle and insidious fashion in which he stirs Andrew to kill Witherow, by deliberate and persistent suggestion. "Clutie" seems to carry sorrow and tragedy with him in his own memories of the pathetic incidents he has gleaned from his knowledge of life and, out of his speaking of these things, he seems to derive some sort of vicarious pleasure. He sings and talks of the girl who killed herself for love; he wonders if, at the fair, he could make up a song to sing about the murder of Witherow.

The tremendous natural perception of this half-wit is far more keen and more subtle than is that of those about him. He is able to pinch James Caesar in the most tender places, and knows

[1] Act IV.—The Conquering Hero (1924)—Allan Monkhouse.

how to strike off his weaknesses with the most effective accuracy. He is able to perceive the bitter mind in Sarah Ferguson which the woman tries so vigorously to conceal. He knows how to work upon Andrew in order to lift the boy to a cold and murderous rage. In brief, "Clutie" John, weak in his own mind, is in proper position to perceive, with an unfailing accuracy, the weaknesses of all who are about him. As Anne Hathaway says of Elizabeth in "Will Shakespeare", because both are eaten by a common canker — "Her snake would know its fellow in my heart".[1]

"Clutie" John is shy; he is frightened; he is sensitive; he is not whole. He is lost in the maze of a world which he looks upon with a strange curiosity. But he can not, and never will be able to, cope with that world. It is this, and its cause, that prevents him, more surely than anything else, from gaining entrance to the ranks of the true "fool of nature".

The true "fool" is but slightly in evidence in the modern English drama, especially in comparison to the prevalence of his close relative the simpleton in the modern Russian drama. Nor is the "fool" a true "fool of nature" in any sense of the word. There is something of both to be found in "Clutie" John. However, there is to be found at least one "fool" of the old school who has something of the "fool of nature" in him, and that is the Fool of William Butler Yeats' little miracle play, "The Hour Glass" (1903 — verse, 1912). The Fool is a simple minded soul whom the villagers consider tainted in his wits and in league with the spirits of evil. He is naïve and ignorant so far as the ways of the world go and takes his own half-plaintive, half-glad way through the world, begging to keep body and soul together. But he is the possessor of one treasured jewel, the jewel of faith. Faith and peace with the world give him a wisdom that those who are worldly wise do not possess.

"When one gets quiet; then something wakes up inside one, something happy and quiet like the stars —" ("The Hour-Glass").

And it is the perfect faith that, at the conclusion of the play, is sufficient to save the Wise Man from eternal damnation.

[1] Act I—"Will Shakespeare"—1921. Clemence Dane.

Among those of the second case we find chiefly Mr. Pim. There have been characters, no longer young, who have been considered as true "fools of nature" but they, like Mazzini Dunn and Wellwyn, have retained something of youth in them and in their spirits. Mr. Pim is old. Whatever else may be said of Mr. Pim, it is to be stated that there are moments when he comes perilously close to foolishness, undisguised, unrelieved foolishness.

Mr. Pim is a spectacle of monumental blundering. This blundering is displayed at its height of power, although we have seen intimations of it before this time, when the infirm gentleman, having groped thus far in vain for the name of the Australian swindler he met on shipboard, cries out triumphantly at the end of Act I, "I've got it! Telworthy!", thus bringing the charming heroine of the play under suspicion of bigamy. This is the name of the first husband of the present Mrs. Marden whom she was quite certain was dead before she married Marden. Pim blunders into both the story — the details of which he by no means has straight — and the name, which is entirely incorrect. Again, Mr. Pim blunders into failing to tell, since he has told so much of the story, that the Mr. "Telworthy" of the shipboard episode died of strangulation from a herring-bone swallowed in Marseilles. Mr. Pim's continuous blundering arises, chiefly, from a single fault, that of an oblivious forgetfulness. Almost immediately upon his entrance at the beginning of the first act, we learn that he has mislaid a letter and forgotten to send a telegram. It is in the matter of names, however, that Mr. Pim is most forgetful. First of all, he can not grasp Dinah's name, but keeps forgetting and calling her Diana. It is Dinah who tells Pim that Mrs. Marden was the former Mrs. Telworthy and he immediately connects the name with the Australian swindler he once knew. Finally, when the damage has been rather successfully done, he recalls that the name of his acquaintance was Polwittle.

"Henry Polwittle . . . . . Or was it Ernest? No! Henry Polwittle, poor fellow." (Act III).

And finally, at the close of the same act. —

"Mrs. Marden! I *had* to come back — I've just remembered his name was *Ernest* Polwittle — *not* Henry! Not Henry!"

When we add, to Mr. Pim's blundering and forgetfulness, his hesitancy, his awkwardness, his shyness, his immense naïvèté and, above everything else, his age, it may be surmised that one might hesitate to call him a "fool of nature" and rather favor the more unkind caption, fool.

As representative of the third case, J. M. Barrie's Peter Pan (1904) is undoubtedly the most notable and distinguished character of this group. Peter Pan is a child, a myth, a grown-up vagabond, a "fool of nature" and an author's regret for golden days that he has left behind him. He is not, however, the sole member of the group that shows something of the "fool of nature" quality in him. Milne has given us two characters of his own and one which is an adaptation, all three of which have in them something of the "fool of nature". In a not very well known little operetta "The Red Feathers" (1919—date of publication), for which Milne wrote the book, there is an extremely talkative vagabond who is of this class. The Prince who becomes King Perivale in "The Ivory Door" (written 1928) is something of a "fool of nature" spoiled for the part by an excessive worldly wisdom. In 1929 the same author published a play which he calls "Toad of Toad Hall", adapted from the infinitely more beautiful book by Kenneth Grahame "The Wind in the Willows" (1908). In this play we are presented to Mr. Toad, a foolish, wilful, ungrateful, refined vagabond of an animal who is the source of constant anxiety and despair for his friends who have his welfare at heart. In Toad there is much of the young viciousness of the "fool of nature" although, as a fantastic characterization, he is by no means a thorough example of the type. The case of Peter Pan is somewhat different.

It is difficult to set a definite character type in a fantastic medium since the fantastic, itself, is essentially a problem in combinations that are superficially, though not basically, incongruous, and in apparently confused associations; the fantastic is not a type in the strictest sense of the word. None the less, J. M. Barrie's Peter Pan, the boy hero of the play of the same name, closely approximates a fantastic idealization of the "fool of nature".

There is nothing of that unknowing, searching quality in Peter which so invariably stamps the true "fool of nature". Peter is freed from that by his oneness with the nature which surrounds him. He is out of the infinite and for him such things as mere infinity hold nothing of a puzzle. None the less, he shares in common with the other "fools of nature" we have met, a certain blundering naïvèté which, along with his delightfully blatant egotism (in him a natural sense of superiority), is the most amusing quality the boy possesses. In other words, he can be taught nothing that man knows; but he knows scarcely anything that woman has learned. On the other hand, his blundering — against his better knowledge and better judgment — works out of his egotism to such an extent that we sometimes come to believe it all a delicate ruse, entirely calculated. Thus, in his encounter with the villain of the piece, Captain Hook (a man with a Bob Acres sort of talent for picturesque oaths), Peter is so eager for the captain to learn the identity of his opponent (Peter) that he actually tells him who he is.

Hook — "Have you another name?"
Peter — (falling to the lure) — "Ay, ay."
Hook — (thirstily) — "Vegetable?"
Peter — "No."
Hook — "Mineral?"
Peter — "No."
Hook — "Animal?"
Peter — (after a hurried consultation with Tootles) — "Yes."
Hook — "Man?"
Peter — (with scorn) — "No."
Hook — "Boy?"
Peter — "Yes."
Hook — "Ordinary boy?"
Peter — "No!"
Hook — "Wonderful boy?"
Peter — (To Wendy's distress) — "Yes!" — (Act III).

But even then Hook and his pirates, with a lovely obtuseness, can not guess and Peter, swelling with egotism, cries out — "Well, then, I am Peter Pan". As a matter of fact, Peter Pan is usually swelling with egotism, and it is the peculiarly blatant,

ignorant, pitiful and yet beautiful egotism of the "fool of nature", the egotism of youth — which is the world's "fool of nature". This top-heavy, naïve pride is the first thing we learn of him when we see him. There is no doubt of it. Peter tells us all about it. *Peter* — "I can't help crowing, Wendy, when I'm pleased with myself."

Above everything else, however, the one quality which most definitely stamps Peter Pan as a "fool of nature" is the quality of intuition without understanding. This is especially true of his attitude toward women; Tinker Bell in particular. It never enters his mind that there is really something significant in her attitude toward him and in the meaning of her buzz, "You silly ass". Even when Tink absorbs Peter's poison medicine (and there are those who are probably satisfied with nothing short of a symbolic interpretation of this) Peter's first exclamation is one of mere amazement. Then he feels a surge of pity for her, that pity which is the tenderest emotion of which he is capable — since he is totally unhampered by the unwinging burden of love. His attitude toward Wendy is exactly that which he displays toward Tink; an affectionate comradeship. Indeed, it is this which gives us the one half-pathetic moment in the entire play and the one most revelatory of Peter's divine obliviousness.

Wendy — (knowing she ought not to probe but driven to it by something within) — "What are your exact feelings for me, Peter?"

Peter — (in the class room) — "Those of a devoted son, Wendy."

Wendy — (turning away) — "I thought so."

And then Peter expresses himself —

Peter — "You are so puzzling. Tiger Lily is just the same; there is something or other she wants to be to me, but she says it is not my mother." — (Act IV).

Facts puzzle Peter; but the necessity of human relationships puzzles him above everything else. Sufficient unto himself, he sees no need for the wind-blown harbor of human love.

The sureness of touch which Peter reveals is one of his most magnificent characteristics. He is sure because the Never Never Land is not the creation of someone else into which he has blundered, but the creation of his own imagination into which he

has woven himself as the primary force. Perhaps it is because of this that we hesitate to call him a "fool of nature" (despite the kinship of many of his qualities to the type) and to leave him undisturbed in his realm of fancy.

Thus, when Peter gives Wendy the first kiss (which she entices him into doing by confusing in his mind the matter of a thimble with the matter of a kiss) and Tink tweaks Wendy's hair in return, Peter is completely baffled by both of them, and their unaccustomed conduct. He simply fails to grasp the high significance of this unspoken repartee which, to Wendy and Tink, is representative of an unmistakable code. This, however, is a moment beyond the powers of Peter's imagination. Matters from another world have intruded upon him and his self-satisfaction, and he cannot quite cope with them.

In the final analysis, then, we are not quite able to leave Peter as a thing of fancy, but come to look upon him as something tangible and real. After the battle of the lagoon (so often omitted in stage production), when Peter is alone, he becomes entirely real as he faces a danger which proves to be beyond the pale of his imagining. There is no fancy here.

Peter — (with a drum beating in his breast as if he were a real boy at last) — "To die will be an awfully big adventure". — (Act III).

Of the two additional characters that might be considered here, Prince Perivale in "The Ivory Door", A. A. Milne (1928 — date of publication) and Toad in "Toad of Toad Hall", A. A. Milne (1929 — date of publication), the former character is by all means the more likely to fit in with the "fool of nature" type.

Prince Perivale who, in the course of the play, becomes King Perivale, is not strictly a "fool of nature". None the less, he is found in a situation peculiar to "fools of nature" and he conducts himself as a "fool of nature". Indeed, there are several characteristics of the type to be found in the Prince. His is the story of the man who dares to refute legend and tradition and, by doing so, cancels himself as an existing entity. There is in his palace a secret door. Whosoever goes through this never returns. So goes the story. Perivale, however, does not believe the story and, when curiosity becomes too much for him, passes through

the door. He finds behind it only a narrow and dusty passageway leading outside the wall of the castle. He then comes round to the city gates and presents himself to his people. But they believe him destroyed and think the returned king but an evil spirit from behind the door arrayed in the semblance of Perivale. Thus, after the manner of the Goosegirl and the Prince in "Königskinder", Perivale learns about life and the ways of the world.

This King is not so much the naïve and innocent boy as he is the investigative young man, intelligent and understanding, aware of his own ignorance of life and intensely desirous of remedying this ignorance with an active knowledge. It is legended among his people that he is the handsomest, bravest, kindest, most brilliant king that ever ruled, the best fighter, the noblest hero, the sweetest lover. However, Perivale alone recognizes his own limitations as a human being, not extraordinary except in his desire to learn the truth concerning life. He goes through the ivory door and there comes to him truth as a broken illusion.

"So that was all! Another legend . . . . We talk the truth out of everything." — (Act II, Scene I).

It is not only the secret of the door that the King discovers, but the secret of human weaknesses and of human life as well. To the people Perivale rules he is king only as long as they think him so. When they believe their king is dead he is no longer King Perivale, only Perivale the unknown. Realization is, for this man, complete and bitter disillusionment. For the woman, Lilia, who likewise goes through the door, that disillusionment is not quite so complete.

Perivale — (bitterly) — "It strips us bare, that door. We bring nothing back."

Lilia — (with dignity) — "We bring ourselves."

Perivale — "But how little that is." — (Act III).

Perivale discovers the truth. The people had rather lose their King than their legend; rather lose a reality, however satisfying, than a diverting tale which would reveal them all fools if the truth were exposed concerning it. Better sacrifice the man who

might proclaim them fools than save him so that they might know themselves.

Yet, we are able to feel that Perivale finds his own manhood out of experience in a realization of himself and what he stands for. He finds knowledge and love and companionship in Lilia, and in life. Lilia, too, is something of a "fool of nature". The chief difference between her and Perivale, however, lies in the fact that she goes through the door proudly and impetuously; he goes through with a quiet bravery, impulsed by an overpowering desire to know the truth. Both, however, come through and both are the better and the more real for their experience and disillusionment.

Toad, the bombastic hero of A. A. Milne's "Toad of Toad Hall", has not a great deal of the "fool of nature" in him when considered with relation to his course through the play of which he is hero. None the less, he reveals many of the characteristics of the younger "fools of nature". He is proud with a pride that is chiefly vanity; he is restless, investigative and curious; he is heedless and inconsiderate. On the other hand, he is incorrigible, and experience has practically no effect on him. In short, he does not develop from the moment we first see him until the close of the play, and that close shows us Toad, surrounded by fearing new admirers who will soon be sychophants, singing a mighty song in praise of himself, his prowess, his fascinations.

It may then be seen that, of the several characters considered in this chapter, there is not really one that fulfills the requirements of the "fool of nature" type with sufficient accuracy and, beyond that, sufficient completeness to be considered a true "fool of nature". Where there might be completeness, as in the case of Carden Tyrrell, the mental affliction that is his bars him from the type more surely than would any mere state of incompleteness.

CONCLUSION

Certain definite matters are made obvious by the material treated in the preceding chapters. First of all, there is the matter of the "fools of nature" that have been considered. Undoubtedly, there are more characters in the contemporary English drama that show tendencies toward the "fool of nature" qualities than have been considered in this work. It has been the purpose here to treat only of those characters that carry out, more or less fully, the type itself. Many characters indicate a quality or two of the "fool of nature", or are suggestive of the type when we first meet them. They seldom, however, fulfill the type and need be mentioned only in passing. Thus, we find such characters drawn by George Bernard Shaw as Captain Bluntschli in "Arms and the Man" (1894), Captain Brassbound in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" (1902), Jennifer in "The Doctor's Dilemma" (1906), Tarleton in "Misalliance" (1910), Professor Higgins in "Pygmalion" (1913), Androcles in "Androcles and the Lion" (1913) and the Dauphin in "St. Joan" (1923), all indicating something of the "fool of nature" in their compositions, but none really carrying out the type to anything like completion or fulfillment. Most of them diverge from the type before the conclusion of the respective plays in which they appear. Guy Font, the half elfin creature of Edward Martyn's "An Enchanted Sea" (1902), has something of the "fool of nature" fantastically expressed in him. Paul Ruttledge, the fanatic idealist of William Butler Yeats' "Where There is Nothing" (1904), a play written in collaboration with Lady Gregory, likewise has something of the type in his persistent attack on the ways of the world. So have Aleel in "The Countess Cathleen" (1899-1912), a Yeats' play; Leonard, the young reprobate of Allan Monkhouse's play, "Mary Broome" (1911); Mrs. Thurlow and son Jack in St. John Ervine's "The Ship", (1922); Minnie Powel, that brave little wisp of stupidity in Sean O'Casey's "The Shadow of a Gunman" (1923); Battersby, a pale shadow of Mr. Pim in that Milne trifle, "To Have the

Honour" (1924), and that "younger generation" brother and sister Gwen and John in Malleson's disjointed "The Fanatics" (1929).

It is possible to conclude with other generalizations of information derived from such a study as this. No one can fail to be conscious of the notable paucity of women among the characters considered here. Most of the "fools of nature" are men and, in reverse, most of those who play at being "fools of nature" are women. Perhaps the woman is saved from being a "fool of nature" because of the inherent shrewdness of her worldly outlook, perhaps because so few women have active ideals which they will place above the more solidly practical things in life. It might be noted, likewise, that those "fools of nature" that have been created by Irish playwrights are, generally, the most successful representatives of the prototype; that the character is native to that which is Celtic. Finally, it is to be stated with concluding emphasis, that the two banners which float most proudly over the head of the true "fool of nature" are those of illusion and youth and, that when illusion is not native to the blood as it is to the Celt, it is a part of youth which lends it the impulse to fly in the face of the world if not, indeed, in the face of everything that the world of society has created to make dull the hectic flush of youth's particular way of seeing things, all deadly serious and portentous.

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